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"Amor Agit."

Lonely end sad in a dusky room—where firelight shadows fall.
An artist leans in his cane-backed chair—his ghost upon the wall;
An easel, a lamp, some strange old books and skeletons strew the ground—
Save the crackling fire and the city's din, there's not another sound.

Heavy in heart and soul was he—that painter, all alone,
No friend to say "God speed!" or love, in the world, had he ever known.

No gentle voice, no kindly face, no mind with thoughts skin,
Had gladdened his strife for immortal fame—affection ne'er solaced him.

Another step and the battle's won—Fortune and world-wide name!

But his strength has gone, his eye shines dim in the glare of that flickering flame.

One loving word, one hearty clasp, one prayer from a pitying breast,
Might yet restore to his fainting soul that strength that is ebbing fast.

But the shades fall and the rumbling moan of the city's sleepful throat

Strike heavy and heavier on his heart—chanting Hope's requiem note;

Tell darkening shadows creep around—filling the dusky room.

The Artist—his easel, old books and all fade in their Ghoul-like gloom.

Moonsbeams and shadows of dancing leaves fall on a book of pray'r.

Where a maiden kneels, with eyes to heaven—for hours she is lingering there;

Low fervent words from her half-closed lips float on that midnight time;

Mingling in holy consonance with the trees and the river's rhyme.

"Father, look down with a guiding eye on him I met to-day,

With pallid cheek and sunken eye, save him from misery;

If friendless and hopeless, grant him faith," this was the maiden's pray'r

For one she had met in the city's crowd, rushing—she knew not where.

Dances the firelight upon the hearth; the shadows upon the wall;

The Artist's heart feels comforted; his soul has lost its thrall.

He pokes the embers, the flames dash up, he laughs with child-like glee,

"To think of yielding his beautiful thoughts to any dull reverie."

Longings and visions and lofty thoughts re-enter his weary brain,

Life, with its thousand glorious hopes, fires his brave heart again;

Courage and manliness will to work, flash from his clear full eye,

He waits the morrow with firmest faith—armed with his destiny.

Thus do men triumph from day to day—not by their will alone,

But hurried along in their strange career by currents unseen, unknown.

Pure hearts—sweet ministering angels—pass us in meek disguise,

Whose looks, interpreted rightly, have meanings from the skies.

FRERE.

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOULKE.

CONTINUED.

The hard spirit of the fierce lord of the castle was now quite broken, and he watched with increased humility every look of Folko and Gabrielle. But they withdrew more and more into the happy solitude of their own apartments, where they enjoyed, in the midst of the sharp Winter, a bright spring-tide of happiness. The wounded condition of Folko did not hinder the evening delights of songs and music and poetry—but rather a new charm was added to them when the tall, handsome knight leant on the arm of his delicate lady, and they thus, changing as it were their department and duties, walked slowly through the torch-lit halls, scattering their kindly greetings like flowers among crowds of men and women.

All this time little or nothing was heard of poor Sintram. The last wild outbreak of his

father had increased the terror with which Gabrielle remembered the self-accusations of the youth; and the more resolutely Folko kept silence, the more did she bode some dreadful mystery. Indeed, a secret shudder came over the knight when he thought on the pale, dark-haired youth. Sintram's repentance had bordered on settled despair; no one knew even what he was doing in the fortress of evil-report on the Rocks of the Moon. Strange rumors were brought by the retainers who had fled from it, that the evil spirit had obtained complete power over Sintram, that no man could stay with him, and that the fidelity of the dark mysterious castellan had cost him his life.

Folko could hardly drive away the fearful suspicion that the lonely young knight was become a wicked magician.

And perhaps, indeed, evil spirits did flit about the banished Sintram, but it was without his calling them in. In his dreams he often saw the wicked enchantress Venus, in her golden chariot drawn by winged cats, pass over the battlements of the stone fortress, and heard her say, mocking him, "Foolish Sintram, foolish Sintram! ha! ha! thou but obeyed the little Master! Thou wouldst now be in Helen's arms, and the Rocks of the Moon would be called the Rocks of Love, and the stone fortress would be the garden of roses. Thou wouldst have lost thy pale face and dark hair—for thou art only enchanted, dear youth—and thine eyes would have beamed more softly, and thy cheeks bloomed more freshly, and thy hair would have been more golden than was that of Prince Paris when men wondered at his beauty. Oh, how Helen would have loved thee!" Then she showed him in a mirror, how, as a marvellously beautiful knight, he knelt before Gabrielle, who sank into his arms blushing as the morning. When he awoke from such dreams, he would seize eagerly the sword and scarf given him by his lady—as a shipwrecked man seizes the plank which is to save him; and while the hot tears fell on them, he would murmur to himself, "There was, indeed, one hour in my sad life when I was worthy and happy."

Once he sprang up at midnight after one of these dreams, but this time with more thrilling horror; for it had seemed to him that the features of the enchantress Venus had changed towards the end of her speech, as she looked down upon him with marvellous scorn, and she appeared to him as the hideous Little Master. The youth had no better means of calming his distracted mind than to throw the sword and scarf of Gabrielle over his shoulders, and to hasten forth under the solemn starry canopy of the wintry sky. He walked in deep thought backwards and forwards under the leafless oaks and the snow-laden firs which grew on the high ramparts.

Then he heard a sorrowful cry of distress sound from the moat; it was as if some one were attempting to sing, but was stopped by inward grief. Sintram exclaimed, "Who's there?" and all was still. When he was silent, and again began his walk, the frightful groaning and moanings were heard afresh, as if they came from a dying person. Sintram overcame the horror which seemed to hold him back, and began in silence to climb down into the deep dry moat which was cut in the rock. He was soon so low down that he could no longer see the stars shining; beneath him moved a shrouded form; and sliding with involuntary haste down the steep descent, he stood near the groaning figure; it ceased its lamentations, and began to laugh like a maniac from beneath its long, folded, female garments.

"Oh, ho, my comrade! oh, ho, my comrade, wert thou going a little too fast? Well, well, it is all right; and see now, thou standest no higher than I, my pious, valiant youth! Take it patiently—take it patiently!"

"What dost thou want with me? Why dost thou laugh? why dost thou weep?" asked Sintram impatiently.

"I might ask thee the same questions," answered the dark figure, "and thou wouldst be less able to answer me than I answer thee. Why dost thou laugh? why dost thou weep? poor creature! But I will show thee a re-

markable thing in thy fortress, of which thou knowest nothing. Give heed!"

And the shrouded figure began to scratch and scrape at the stones till a little iron door opened, and showed a long passage which led into the deep darkness.

"Wilt thou come with me?" whispered the strange being: "it is the shortest way to thy father's castle. In half an hour we shall come out of this passage, and we shall be in thy beauteous lady's apartment. Duke Menelaus shall lie in a magic sleep—leave that to me—and then thou wilt take the slight, delicate form in thine arms, and bring her to the Rocks of the Moon; so thou wilt win back all that seemed lost by thy former wavering."

Sintram trembled visibly, fearfully shaken to and fro by the fever of passion and the stings of conscience. But at last, pressing the sword and scarf to his heart, he cried out, "Oh! that fairest, most glorious hour of my life! If I lose all other joys, I will hold fast that brightest hour!"

"A bright, glorious hour!" said the figure from under its veil, like an evil echo. "Dost thou know whom thou then conquerest? A good old friend, who only showed himself so sturdy to give thee the glory of overcoming him. Wilt thou convince thyself? Wilt thou look?"

The dark garments of the little figure flew open, and the dwarf warrior in strange armor, the gold horns on his helmet, and the curved spear in his hand, the very same whom Sintram thought he had slain on Niflung's Heath, now stood before him and laughed: "Thou seest, my youth, everything in the wide world is but dreams and froth; wherefore hold fast the dream which delights thee, and sip up the froth which refreshes thee! Hasten to that underground passage, it leads up to thy angel Helen. Or wouldst thou first know thy friend yet better?"

His visor opened, and the hateful face of the little Master glared upon the knight. Sintram asked, as if in a dream, "Art thou also that wicked enchantress Venus?"

"Something like her," answered the little Master, laughing, "or rather she is something like me. And if thou wilt only get disenchanted, and recover the beauty of the Prince of Paris,—then, O Prince Paris, and his voice changed to an alluring song, "then, O Prince Paris, I shall be fair like thee!"

At this moment the good Rolf appeared above on the rampart; a consecrated taper in his lantern shone down into the moat, as he sought for the missing young knight. "In God's name, Sir Sintram," he called out, "what has the spectre of him you slew on Niflung's Heath, and whom I never could bury, to do with you?"

"Seest thou well? hearest thou well?" whispered the little Master, and drew back into the darkness of the underground passage. "The wise man up there knows me well. There was nothing in thy heroic feat. Come, take the joys of life while thou mayst."

But Sintram sprang back, with a strong effort, into the circle of light made by the shining of the taper from above, and cried out, "Depart from me, unquiet spirit! I know well that I bear a name on me in which thou canst have no part."

Little Master rushed in fear and rage into the passage, and yelling, shut the iron door behind him. It seemed as if he could still be heard groaning and roaring.

Sintram climbed up the wall of the moat, and made a sign to his foster-father not to speak to him; he only said, "One of my best joys, yes, the very best, has been taken from me, but, by God's help, I am not yet lost."

In the earliest light of the following morning, he and Rolf stopped up the entrance to the perilous passage with huge blocks of stone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The long northern winter was at last ended the fresh green leaves rustled merrily in the woods, patches of soft moss twinkled amongst the rocks, the valleys grew green, the brooks sparkled, the snow melted from all but the highest mountain-tops, and the bark which was ready to carry away Folko and Gabrielle danced on the sunny waves of the sea. The

baron, now quite recovered, and strong and fresh as though his health had sustained no injury, stood one morning on the shore with his fair lady, and, full of glee at the prospect of returning to their home, the noble pair looked on well pleased at their attendants who were busied in lading the ship.

Then said one of them in the midst of a confused sound of talking: "But what has appeared to me the most fearful and the most strange thing in this northern land is the stone fortress on the Rocks of the Moon; I have never, indeed, been inside it, but when I used to see it in our huntings, towering above the tall fir trees, there came a tightness over my breast, as if something unearthly were dwelling in it. And a few weeks ago, when the snow was yet lying hard in the valleys, I came unawares quite close upon the strange building. The young knight Sintram was walking alone upon the ramparts at twilight came on, like the spirit of a departed knight, and he drew from the lute which he carried such soft, melancholy tones, and he sighed so deeply and sorrowfully . . ."

The voice of the speaker was drowned in the noise of the crowd, and as he also just then reached the ship with his package hastily fastened up, Folko and Gabrielle could not hear the rest of his speech. But the fair lady looked on her knight with eyes dim with tears, and sighed: "Is it not behind those mountains that the Rocks of the Moon lie? The unhappy Sintram makes me sad at heart."

"I understand thee, sweet gracious lady, and the pure compassion of thy heart," replied Folko; instantly ordering his swift footed steed to be brought. He placed his noble lady under the charge of his retainers, and leaping into the saddle, he hastened, followed by the grateful smiles of Gabrielle, along the valley towards the stone fortress.

Sintram was seated near the drawbridge, touching the strings of the lute, and shedding some tears on the golden chords, almost as Montfalcon's esquire had described him. Suddenly a cloudy shadow passed over him, and he looked up, expecting to see a flight of cranes in the air; but the sky was clear and blue. While the young knight was still wondering, a long bright spear fell at his feet from a battlement of the armory turret.

"Take it up,—make good use of it! thy foe is near at hand! Near also is the downfall of thy dearest happiness." Thus he distinctly whispered in his ear; and it seemed to him that he saw the little Master glide by him to a neighbouring cleft in the rock. But at the same time also, a tall, gigantic, haggard figure passed along the valley, in some measure like the departed pilgrim, only much, very much, larger, and he raised his long bony arm fearfully threatening, then disappeared in an ancient tomb.

At the very same instant Sir Folko of Montfalcon came swiftly as the wind up the Rocks of the Moon, and he must have seen something of those strange apparitions, for as he stopped close behind Sintram, he looked rather pale, and asked low and earnestly: "Sir knight, who are those two with whom you were just now holding converse here?"

"The good God knows," answered Sintram; "I know them not." "If the good God does but know!" cried Montfalcon; "but I fear me that He knows very little more of you or your deeds."

"You speak strangely harsh words," said Sintram. "Yet ever since that evening of misery,—alas! and even long before,—I must bear with all that comes from you. Dear sir, you may believe me, I know not those fearful companions; I call them not, and I know not what terrible curse binds them to my footsteps. The merciful God, as I would hope, is mindful of me the while,—as a faithful shepherd does not forget even the worst and most widely straying of his flock, but calls after it with an anxious voice in the gloomy wilderness."

Then the anger of the baron was quite melted. Two bright tears stood in his eyes; and he said: "No, assuredly, God has not forgotten thee; only do thou not forget thy gracious God. I did not come to rebuke thee—I came to bless thee in Gabrielle's name and in my

own. The Lord preserve thee, the Lord guide thee, the Lord lift thee up! And, Sintram, on the far-off shores of Normandy I shall bear thee in mind, and I shall hear how thou strugglest against the curse which weighs down thy unhappy life; and if thou ever shake it off, and stand as a noble conqueror over Sin and Death, then thou shalt receive from me a token of love and reward, more precious than either thou or I can understand at this moment."

The words flowed prophetically from the baron's lips; he himself was only half-conscious of what he said. With a kind salutation he turned his noble steed, and again flew down the valley towards the sea-shore.

"Fool, fool! thrice a fool!" whispered the angry voice of the little Master in Sintram's ear. But old Rolf was singing his morning hymn in clear tones within the castle, and the last lines were these:

"Whom worldlings scorn,
Who lives forlorn,
On God's own word doth rest;
With heavenly light
His path is bright,
His lot among the blest."

Then a holy joy took possession of Sintram's heart, and he looked around him yet more gladly than in the hour when Gabrielle gave him the scarf and sword, and Folko dubbed him knight.

CHAPTER XXV.

The baron and his lovely lady were sailing across the broad sea with favoring gales of spring—nay, the coast of Normandy had already appeared above the waves; but still was Biorn of the Fiery Eyes sitting gloomy and speechless in his castle. He had taken no leave of his guests. There was more of proud fear of Montaucan than of reverential love for him in his soul, especially since the adventure with the boar's head; and the thought was bitter to his haughty spirit, that the great baron, the flower and glory of their whole race, should have come in peace to visit him, and should now be departing in displeasure, in stern reproachful displeasure. He had constantly before his mind, and it never failed to bring fresh pangs, the remembrance of how all had come to pass, and how all might have gone otherwise; and he was always fancying he could hear the songs in which after generations would recount this voyage of the great Folko, and the worthlessness of the savage Biorn. At length, full of fierce anger, he cast away the fetters of his troubled spirit, he burst out of the castle with all his horsemen, and began to carry on a warfare more fearful and more lawless than any in which he had yet been engaged.

Sintram heard the sound of his father's war-horn, and committing the stone fortress to old Rolf, he sprang forth ready armed for the combat. But the flames of the cottages and farms on the mountains rose up before him, and showed him, written as if in characters of fire, what kind of war his father was waging. Yet he went on towards the spot where the army was mustered, but only to offer his mediation, affirming that he would not lay his hand on his good sword in so abhorred a service, even though the stone fortress, and his father's castle besides, should fall before the vengeance of their enemies. Biorn hurled the spear which he held in his hand against his son with mad fury. The deadly weapon whizzed past him; Sintram remained standing with his vizor raised; he did not move one limb in his defence, when he said, "Father, do what you will, but I join not in your godless warfare."

Biorn of the Fiery Eyes laughed scornfully. "It seems I am always to have a spy over me here; my son succeeds to the dainty French knight!"

But nevertheless he came to himself, accepted Sintram's mediation, made amends for the injuries he had done, and returned gloomily to his castle. Sintram went back to the Rocks of the Moon.

Such occurrences were frequent after that time. It went so far that Sintram came to be looked upon as the protector of all those whom his father pursued with relentless fury. But nevertheless sometimes his own wildness would carry the young knight away to accompany his fierce father in his fearful deeds. Then Biorn used to laugh with horrible pleasure, and to say, "See there, my son, how the flames we have lighted blaze up from the villages, as the blood spurts up from the wounds our swords have made! It is plain to me,

however much thou mayst pretend to the contrary, that thou art, and wilt ever remain, my true and beloved heir!"

After thus fearfully erring, Sintram could find no comfort but in hastening to the chaplain of Drontheim, and confessing to him his misery and his sins. The chaplain would fiercely absolve him, after due penance and repentance, and again raise up the broken hearted youth; but would often say, "Oh, how nearly hadst thou reached thy last trial, and gained the victory, and looked on Verena's countenance, and atoned for all! Now thou hast thrown thyself back for years. Think, my son, on the shortness of man's life; if thou art always falling back anew, how wilt thou ever gain the summit on this side of the grave?"

Years came and went, and Biorn's hair was white as snow, and the youth Sintram had reached the middle age. Old Rolf was now scarcely able to leave the stone fortress, and sometimes he said, "I feel it a burden that my life should be prolonged, but also there is much comfort in it, for I still think the good God has in store for me here below some great happiness, and it must be something in which you are concerned, my beloved Sir Sintram, for what else in the whole world could rejoice me?"

But all remained as it was, and Sintram's fearful dreams at Christmas-time each year feather increased than diminished in horror. Again the holy season was drawing near, and the mind of the sorely afflicted knight was more troubled than ever before. Sometimes, if he had been reckoning up the nights till it should come, a cold sweat would stand on his forehead, while he said, "Mark my words, dear old foster father, this time something most awfully decisive lies before me."

One evening he felt an overwhelming anxiety about his father. It seemed to him that the Prince of Darkness was going up to Biorn's castle, and in vain did Rolf remind him that the snow was lying deep in the valleys; in vain did he suggest that the knight might be overtaken by his frightful dreams in the lonely mountains during the night-time.

"Nothing can be worse to me than remaining here would be," replied Sintram.

He took his horse from the stable and rode forth in the gathering darkness. The noble steed slipped and stumbled and fell in the trackless ways, but his rider always raised him up, and urged him only more swiftly and early towards the object which he longed and yet dreaded to reach. Nevertheless he might never have arrived at it, had not his faithful hound Skovmark kept with him. The dog sought out the lost track for his beloved master, and invited him into it with joyous barking, and warned him by his howls against precipices and treacherous ice under the snow. Thus they arrived about midnight at Biorn's castle. The windows of the hall shone opposite to them with a brilliant light, as though some great feast were kept there, and confused sounds, as of singing, met their ears. Sintram gave his horse hastily to some retainers in the court-yard, and ran up the steps, while Skovmark stayed by the well-known horse.

A good esquire came towards Sintram within the castle, and said, "God be praised, my dear master, that you are come, for surely nothing good is going on above. But take heed to yourself also, and be not deluded. Your father has a guest with him, and, as I think, a hateful one."

Sintram shuddered as he threw open the doors. A little man in the dress of a miner was sitting with his back towards him. The armour had been for some time past again ranged round the stone table, so that only two places were left empty. The seat opposite the door had been taken by Biorn of the Fiery Eyes, and the dazzling light of the torches fell upon his features with so red a flare, that he perfectly enacted that fearful surname.

"Father, whom have you here with you?" cried Sintram, and his suspicious rose to certainty as the miner turned round, and the detestable face of the Little Master grinned from under his dark hood.

"Yes, just see, my fair son," said the wild Biorn; "thou hast not been here for a long while, and so to-night this jolly comrade has paid me a visit, and thy place has been taken. But throw one of the suits of armour out of the way, and put a seat for thyself instead of it, and come and drink with us and be merry."

"Yes, do so, Sir Sintram," said the Little Master, with a laugh. "Nothing worse could come of it than that the broken pieces of armour might clatter somewhat strangely together, or at most that the disturbed spirit of him to whom the suit belonged might look over your shoulder; but he would not drink up any of your wine—ghosts have nothing to do with that. So now fall to!"

Biorn joined in the laughter of the hideous stranger with wild mirth, and while Sintram was mustering up his whole strength not to lose his senses at so terrible words, and was fixing a calm steady look on the Little Master's face, the old man cried out, "Why dost thou look at him so! Does it seem as though thou savest thyself in a mirror? Now that you are together, I do not see it so much, but a while ago I thought that you were like enough to each other to be mistaken."

"God forbid!" said Sintram, walking up close to the fearful apparition; "I command thee, detestable stranger to depart from this castle, in right of my authority as my father's heir—as a consecrated knight and as a spirit!"

Biorn seemed as if he wished to oppose himself to this command with all his savage might. The Little Master muttered to himself, "Thou art not by any means the master of this house, pious knight; thou hast never lighted a fire on this hearth." Then Sintram drew the sword which Gabrielle had given him, held the cross of the hilt before the eyes of his evil guest, and said, calmly, but with a powerful voice, "Worship, or fly! And he fled, the frightful stranger—he fled with such lightning speed, that it could scarcely be seen whether he had sprung through the window or the door. But in going he overthrew some of the armour, the tapers went out, and it seemed that the pale blue flame which lighted up the hall in a marvellous manner gave a fulfilment to the Little Master's former words; and that the spirits of those to whom the armour had belonged were leaning over the table, grinning fearfully.

Both the father and the son were filled with horror; but each chose an opposite way to save himself. Biorn wished to have his hateful guest back again; and the power of his will was seen when the Little Master's step resounded anew on the stairs, and his brown, shrivelled hand shook the lock of the door. On the other hand, Sintram ceased not to say within himself, "We are lost if he come back! We are lost to all eternity if he come back! And he fell on his knees, and prayed fervently from his troubled heart to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Then the Little Master left the door, and again Biorn willed him to return, and again Sintram's prayers drove him away. So went on this strife of wills throughout the long night; and howling whirlwinds raged the while around the castle, till all the household thought the end of the world was come. At length the dawn of the morning appeared through the windows of the hall—the fury of the storm was lulled—Biorn sank powerless in slumber on his seat—peace and hope came to the inmates of the castle—and Sintram, pale and exhausted, went out to breathe the dewy air of the mild winter's morning before the castle-gates.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The faithful Skovmark followed his master, caressing him; and when Sintram fell asleep on a stone-seat in the wall, he lay at his feet, keeping watchful guard. Suddenly he pricked up his ears, looked around with delight, and bounded joyfully down the mountain. Just afterwards the chaplain of Drontheim appeared among the rocks, and the good beast went up to him as if to greet him, and then again ran back to the knight to announce the welcome visitor.

Sintram opened his eyes, as a child whose Christmas gifts have been placed at his bedside. For the chaplain smiled at him as he had never yet seen him smile. There was in it a token of a victory and a blessing, or at least of the near approach of both.

"Thou hast done much yesterday, very much," said the holy priest; and his hands were joined, and his eyes full of bright tears. I praise God for thee, my noble knight. Verena knows all, and she too praises God for thee. I do indeed now dare hope that the time will soon come when thou mayst appear before her. But Sintram, Sir Sintram, there is need of haste; for the old man above requires speedy aid, and thou hast still a heavy

—as I hope a last—yet a most heavy trial to undergo for his sake. Arm thyself, my knight, arm thyself even with bodily weapons. In truth, this time only spiritual armour is needed, but it always befits a knight, as well as a monk, to wear in decisive moments the entire solemn garb of his station. If it so please thee, we will go directly to Drontheim together. Thou must return thence to-night. Such is a part of the hidden decree, which has been dimly unfolded to Verena's foresight. Here there is yet much that is wild and distracting, and thou hast great need to-day of calm preparation."

With humble joy Sintram bowed his assent, and called for his horse and a suit of armour. "Only," added he, "let not any of that armour be brought which was last night overthrown in the hall!"

His orders were quickly obeyed. The arms which were fetched, adorned with fine engraved work, the simple helmet, formed rather like that of an esquire than a knight, the lance of almost gigantic size, which belonged to the suit—on all these the chaplain gazed in deep thought and with melancholy emotion. At last, when Sintram, with the help of his esquires, was well nigh equipped, the holy priest spoke:—

"Wonderful providence of God! See, dear Sintram, this armour and this spear were formerly those of Sir Weigand the Slender, and with them he did many mighty deeds. When he was tended by your mother in the castle, and when even your father still showed himself kind towards him, he asked, as a favor, that his armour and his lance should be allowed to hang in Biorn's armoury—Weigand himself, as you well know, intended to build a cloister and to live there as a monk—and he put his old esquire's helmet with it, instead of another, because he was yet wearing that one when he first saw the fair Verena's angelic face. How wondrously does it now come to pass, that these very arms, which have so long been laid aside, should be brought to you for the decisive hour of your life! To me, as far as my short-sighted human wisdom can tell—to me it seems truly a very solemn token, but one full of high and glorious promise."

Sintram stood now in complete array, composed and stately, and, from his tall slender figure, might have been taken for a youth, had not the deep lines of care which furrowed his countenance shown him to be advanced in years.

"Who has placed boughs on the head of my war horse?" asked Sintram of the esquires, with displeasure. "I am not a conqueror nor a wedding-guest. And besides, there are no boughs now but those red and yellow crackling oak-leaves, dull and dead like the season itself."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIGHT BETWEEN A DOG AND AN OTTER.—A few days ago one of the stone-cutters engaged at the Bodelwyddan Church, near St. Asaph, was taking a walk in some fields belonging to Tyddyn Issa farm, accompanied by a dog, the cross-bred terrier-breed. The dog was hunting along a small rivulet which ran at the bottom of the field, when a large male otter made his appearance, running along the course of the brook. The man was frightened, never having seen such an animal before; but the dog immediately attacked him, when a fierce battle ensued, the otter dragging the dog into a small pool three or four feet deep, evidently intending to drown him. The man prevented this by laying hold of the dog, and dragged them both out fastened together; when again on terra firma they fought desperately for half an hour, mutually separating to draw breath; then the otter took advantage of this pause, and made for the brook again. The dog by this time was dreadfully lacerated—his nose and lips cut through and otherwise bruised. The man perceiving this took up a hedge-stake and gave the otter a finishing blow on the head. The dog then went at him again, the man occasionally assisting with his stick, and between them both the otter was killed, after an hour's hard fighting. It was a formidable looking animal, and measured from the nose to the tail 3 feet 10 inches, 24 in girth, and 25 in height. [Welsh Paper.

IMPROVING WHITEWASH.—The grounds of a beer-barrel added to quick-lime and water will greatly improve it for a wash. Tallow added to, and stirred up with the lime when slacking, will render the wash more durable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Passion Flower.

Again I see a lonely man,
Of spirit sad and mild,
Who hath his little dwelling place
Amid a region wild.

The wild flowers of the desert
Grow round him thick as weeds,
And, in their beautiful array,
Of holy things he reads.

The red is the dear blood of Christ;
The white, the pure from sin;
The yellow is the seamless robe
Christ was apparelled in.

All four-leaved flowers bring to his mind
The cross whereon He died;
And every thorn, the cruel spear
That pierced His blessed side.

I see him as he mused one day
Beneath the forest-bowyer,
With clasped hands stand, and upturned eyes,
Before an opening flower,
Exclaiming, with a fervent joy,
"I have found the Passion-flower!"

When abbays rose in towered state;
And over wood and dell,
Went sounding, with a royal voice,
The stately minster-bell:

Then was the abbey garden made,
All with the nicest care;
Its little borders quaintly cut
In fancies rich and rare.

And there they brought all curious plants,
With sainted names—a flower
For every saint's day of the year,—
For every holy hour;

And there was set, in pride of place,
The noble Passion-flower!

Oh, those old abbey gardens,
With their devices rich,
Their fountains, and green solemn walks,
And saints in many a niche!

I would I could call back again
Those gardens in their pride,
And see, slow walking up and down,
The Abbot dignified;

And the good monk, with upturned eyes,
A-praying in his cell;
And him, the poor lay-brother,
That loved the flowers so well.

A TRUE HERO—BOUSSARD, THE PILOT OF DIEPPE.—On the night of the 31st of August, 1777, in a most tremendous storm, a vessel attempted to run into the harbor of Dieppe. Bousard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing that the captain of the ship made several false manoeuvres, he called to him with his speaking-trumpet, directing him what to do, and strove by gestures, to render himself intelligible. Owing to the storm and the darkness, his efforts proved unavailing, and the ship struck about thirty fathoms above the pier. Everybody, except Bousard, gave up the crew for lost. Determined to save them, he was going to tie a rope round his body in order to carry it to the ship; but his wife and children and friends surrounded and besought him by all that was sacred not to rush uselessly into certain destruction. Bousard, listening only to the voice of humanity, reproached his friends with their cowardice, and at length prevailed upon them to take home his wife and children. Having tied one end of the rope round him, and fastened the other to the pier, he plunged into the sea. Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him towards the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. A general cry of horror proclaimed his destruction. But he had only divined to lay hold of a sailor whom the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take senseless to the shore. A last attempt to reach the ship proved successful; he climbed her side, and conveyed to the crew the rope by which they were drawn ashore one after another. But Bousard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted by his exertions, he was conducted by his friends to the nearest house. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of a passenger who had been left behind, and Bousard soon learned that there was another fellow-creature to save. He felt his strength renewed, and, before those about him were aware, he had rushed out of the house, plunged again into the sea, and was battling with the same difficulties which he had before encountered, and which he overcame with the like success.

The passenger was saved. Eight out of the ten persons owed their lives to his courageous exertions. Louis XVI made him a present of a thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred. He was appointed keeper of the pier lighthouse—an office which has ever since been held by the Bousards, descending from father to son; and not a year has passed unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet of the pier of Dieppe is a pier covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here, in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or the day, a Bousard has taken his station, clinging to the chain, and served as a warning voice to those whom danger and the tempestuous sea pursued into the harbor. And though the waves broke over him, though they washed him from his post of honor, rising from their bosom, he would again give advice with his speaking-trumpet, in defiance of the sea and all its efforts. Fifty times has a Bousard risked his life to save the lives of others. Napoleon ordered a house to be built for the Bousards close to the spot where the first performed his heroic achievement. For more than half a century, whenever there has been a vessel or a fellow-creature to save, the people have asked, "Have we no Bousard here?"

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—A French journal states that a plant yielding scotrine aloes, and which, by the way, is a charming ornament for a drawing-room window, is an excellent specific for burns. The discovery was made as follows a short time ago. M. Lemon, a horticulturist, now dead, who lived near Belleville, accidentally let fall a kettle of boiling water, which scalded his legs fearfully. Unable to move a step from pain, and being alone, he despairingly tore off one of the thick leaves of the aloe-plant which stood near him, and tearing it open, applied the inner surface to his burns, solely with a view to alleviate the pain by the cooling efforts of the vegetable juice. To his surprise, he not only obtained the expected relief, but the pain actually subsided entirely, while the skin assumed a violet hue. On the following day his legs were completely healed, no trace of the accident being visible, except the violet colour which remained for several days. A short time afterwards, M. Lemaire, professor of botany at Ghent, tried the remedy on his cook who had scalded her arm, and obtained a complete cure by dressing it with slips of the aloe leaf. Still later, M. Houillet, director of conservatories of the Garden of Plants, had recourse to the same remedy in the case of a workman whose back had been instantaneously transformed into a vast sore by a sudden jet of steam, and in this case also the cure proved as instantaneous as the accident.

BABOONS ON THEIR MARCH.—When the baboons move in parties, they employ an almost military mode of arranging their numbers. In the advance guard are the young males, who keep forward, well in front of the main body, and run from side to side for the purpose of reconnoitering the ground over which they will have to pass. The females and their young occupy the centre, while the rear is brought up by the old and experienced males. Thus, the more active and vigilant animals lead the way, the weakest are kept under protection, and the powerful elders have the whole of their charge constantly in view. In order to ensure the utmost precision in the line of march, several trusty animals are selected as "whippers-in," whose business it is to keep order, to drive stragglers back to their proper position, to moderate the exuberant playfulness of the advanced guard, to keep a watchful eye upon the weaker members of the community, and to maintain a correspondence with the venerable chiefs in the rear. The number of individuals composing a troop is sometimes above one hundred, ten or twelve being adult males, twenty or so adult females, and the rest of the band composed of the young of both sexes.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,275,075.845. These figures when divided by 8,095,000 (the number of square leagues of land on the globe) leave 11,320,689.732 square miles of land on the globe, which being divided as before give 134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,863,174,600,000 which being divided as before, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet will

give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery—1,283 human beings lie buried in each square rod, scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.

A GREAT DEBARTH OF FISHES.—On the 16th, while a fisherman in one of the boats belonging to Ferryden was hauling his line at a considerable distance from the shore, a circumstance occurred which illustrates the voracity with which the different kinds of piscivorous animals prey upon one another. While the fisherman was drawing up a haddock that was on one of the hooks, he noticed a large halibut making an attempt to devour the smaller fish. He immediately seized a clip and laid hold of the halibut, but had hardly got a hold of it when he perceived a ling trying to seize the halibut. Having freed one hand, he immediately seized the ling with the other, and proceeded to pull it on board, when he noticed a large sea-cat making strenuous attempts to seize the ling. This animal was also successfully laid hold of and taken on board, concluding this remarkable chase. [Scotch paper.]

SUSPENDED MEMORY.—There is a very curious case on record of a lady, whose memory was capacious, and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly, and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking, she was discovered to have lost every trait of acquired knowledge, her memory was a blank. All vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone; it was found necessary for her to learn everything again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the art of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating; and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency; but after a few months another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it, she found herself restored to the state she was in before the first paroxysm; but she was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards. The former condition of her existence she now calls the *old state*, and the latter the *new state*; and she is as unconscious of her double character as two distinct persons are of their respective natures. For example, in her *old state* she possesses all her original knowledge; in her *new state* only what she acquired since. If a lady or gentleman be introduced to her in the *old state*, and *vice versa* (so, indeed, of all other matters), to know them satisfactorily, she must learn them in both states. In the *old state* she possesses fine powers of penmanship; while in the *new state* she writes a poor, awkward hand, not having had time or means to become expert! During four years and upwards she has had periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alternations are always consequent upon a long and sound sleep. Both the lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment; by simply knowing whether she is in the *old* or the *new state*, they regulate the intercourse, and govern themselves accordingly.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—One day I gave a dinner after dissecting a Mississippi alligator. The guests congregated. The meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" I asked, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

I shook my head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another, "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied I, "the cayman peculiarly so, which I dissected this morning."

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of the entertainment. See what imagination is; if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's nest soup, salt water ammonia, or birds' gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is prejudice! It was simply mock turtle, made from as good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet.

FACETIÆ.

A PRETTY SHARP RETORT.—Two young ladies were riding in an omnibus. One of them with features remarkable for a prominence of nose, exhibited to the other a daguerreotype of herself, and they were engaged in discussing its merits, when an elderly lady got in. After awhile she reached out her hand, and said to the ladies with the picture, "Please let me look at it?" Her modest request was met with an indignant "It's none of your business." The old lady settled back in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture asked, "What do you wish to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the old lady; "I only wanted to see how successfully the artist has put such a nose on so small a plate!"

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.—During the summer of 1849, a Mr. Wilson died of cholera while some 50 miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body to his friends and home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectable-looking lady, who was in fact the newly made widow, and asked—"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"—"Yes," was her reply; but he is not at home to-day—"I know, he's not at home now," said Rogers, "but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the van!"

KEEP AWAY FROM MUSLIN.—Boys, if you don't want to fall in love, keep away from muslin. You can no more play with those girls without losing your hearts, than you can play with gamblers without losing your money. The heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going you are "gone," like a lot at auction.

POETRY AND PROSE.—"See, nurse!" exclaimed papa, as a smile irradiated the face of his infant, "an angel is whispering to it!" "No, sir," replied nurse, "it is only the wind on its little stomach."

MEDICAL ADVICE.—"Doctor," said Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think that I write too much for my nervous system?"—"No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie; "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

A FRENCH BELL.—The *Courrier de Paris* says that over the gate of the cemetery of the little town of Bourdeaux, Department of Gironde, has lately been painted the inscription—"Ici on n'enterre que les morts qui vivent dans la commune." Here are buried only the dead who live in the parish.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—At a sale by auction last week in this city, a young lady found her shoulder rudely pressed by a Clifton "gent," who with a maudlin simper, inquired, "What are they selling here—women, I suppose?" They reply was quick, sharp, and decisive:—"No—puppies!" He retreated, knocked down, and satisfied that he had been sold.

An English officer at Venice, walking one day from the Doge's Palace, thought he observed one of the figures on the clock-tower of St. Mark's stoop down and take up something. He looked again, and he positively saw the figure take a pinch of snuff! The officer confessed that he was apprehensive he was losing his senses, or that his vision was deranged, when an old woman, observing his consternation, soon explained the seeming miracle, by telling him that one of the figures that struck the hour being out of repair, her nephew was engaged as a substitute till the machinery was put in order.

¶ Quin had a gardener who was very slow. "Thomas," said he, "did you ever see a snail?"—"Certainly." "Then," replied the wit, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a cockney on board a steamer lying-to during a fog. As soon as the fog cleared up, replied the captain, "Well, it's starlight now over-head," said the cockney, "Oh! yes, but we're not going that way," said the captain.

Call a lady a "chicken," and ten to one she is angry with you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is more angry still.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?—Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

If women were jurors, as some of them claim that they ought to be, what chance would ugly fellows stand when indicted.

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he is above, doing wrong.

What is the most biting wind that blows? A Gdaw-gaw-easter (Nor-nor-easter).

The way to make a tall man short is to ask him to lend you a few pounds.

Empty-headed people are always happy; cork heads float.

A "Duck of a Doctor"—Generally a quack.

Misplaced Confidence—Asking Crinoline to rest on the sofa.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose him shrewd?

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

A Historical Account of "the Stations."

Prepared expressly for The Record.

[CONTINUED.]

The following is the decree referred to, containing the answers to the questions proposed by the Vicar-General of Moulins, in France:

1. When it has been found that the erection of the Stations of the Cross is null, in consequence of the conditions contained in the apostolic rescript, or required by law, not being complied with, is it necessary to bless the crosses and the pictures again?

2. Is it necessary that the permission for the erection be made in writing, under the penalty of nullity, or is it sufficient that it be made by word of mouth?

3. If the nullity of the erection arise in consequence of there being no writings, can this defect be supplied after some time has elapsed?

4. Is the time limited, for the perfecting the documents, connected with the Stations of the Cross?

To these queries the following reply was given:

1. Provided the nullity is not connected with the blessing of the crosses, it is not necessary, if the defect which has arisen from other causes be done away with.

2. Although it is to be desired that the consent of the ordinary and petition should be written, if it be made by word of mouth it is not null.

3. If there is a certainty respecting the erection of the cross, the necessary documents should be supplied.

4. No time is determined, but it is expedient that the document, in accordance with the apostolical grant, be prepared as soon as possible, that there may be no doubt connected with it for the future.

In the year 1838 a case somewhat similar to this occurred in the Diocese of Bruges. The Archbishop having received from the Holy See the privilege of erecting the Way of the Cross, with the faculty of sub-delegating it to his clergy, had frequently delegated it by word, at other times by writing, without causing this to be inserted in the registry of the diocese, or in the books of the parish, and frequently the request on the part of the clergy was made without its being reduced to writing. These irregularities which had taken place for thirty-eight years, caused many doubts, therefore the Archbishop presented the following petition to the Holy See:

The Archbishop of Bruges humbly supplicates the Holy See respecting the following matter. Being delegated by the Holy See to erect the Stations of the Cross, and having obtained power to sub-delegate this to the priests of his diocese, he often did so in writing, without causing an entry of it to be made in the books of the parish, or in the registry of the diocese. The priest often omitted to make his petition in writing. Since, however, certain answers of the penitentiaria require that all should be done in writing, in order to make them valid, the Archbishop wishing to satisfy his conscience asks his Holiness to reply to the following questions:

1. Whether for the validity of the erection of the Way of the Cross it be necessary that the petition and the granting of its request should be in writing, and that these should be preserved in the archives of the diocese, and a record of them should be made in the books of the parish?

2. Should these be necessary, the Archbishop supplicates to be allowed to remedy all the defects in the erections of the Stations of the Cross which have been made in the diocese during the last thirty-eight years; so that, notwithstanding the mistakes which have been made, the faithful of both sexes may gain all the indulgences by practising the Way of the Cross before the Stations which have been already erected.

To this memorial the following reply was given:—

SEPTEMBER 28, 1838.

Since the Archbishop of Bruges was delegated by the Holy See to erect the Stations of the Cross, with power to delegate this faculty to his Parish Priests, and since during several years many of these Stations have been erected in the diocese without the petition for this purpose being made in writing, others without the faculty being in writing, others

again without a testimonial of the erection being inserted in the books of the parish, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences having maturely considered the matter, and having heard the vote of the Consultors, taking into consideration the spiritual wants of the faithful, gives all the necessary remedies for doing away with the defects that may have occurred in the erection of the Way of the Cross during the last thirty-eight years; and desire that, for the future, all connected with these be reduced to writing. That the petition and the granting of its prayer be preserved in the archives of the diocese, and that a testimonial of them be inserted in the books of the parish.

The instruction of the 3d of April, 1831, expressly states that when the Way of the Cross is erected in a community of religious it is not necessary to enter inside the *chœur*, and it will be sufficient to have the Crosses blessed at the grille. It would seem from this that the blessing of the Crosses is the only thing that is requisite, and that the Priest need not put them up himself. This follows from the instruction of Clement XII. In 1842 the Congregation of Indulgences made an express decree in this matter of the same import. The inquiry was made—if the person who is delegated to erect the Stations of the Cross, after having blessed the Crosses, should put up the picture and make the stations, in order that the erection be valid? They reply that this is not necessary, and if the Crosses are blessed by the Priest another person may put them in the place where they are to be fixed. The following is the decision referred to:—

Is the person who has the faculty of erecting the Way of the Cross, when he has blessed the Crosses and the pictures, required to put them up and make the Stations in order that it may be raised?

2. If the pictures and the crosses have been blessed, can another person put them up privately without any ceremony, and at another time? The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, stating that in the erection of the Way of the Cross, the crosses only are to be blessed, and not the pictures answer both the questions in the affirmative.

This shows that the fourteen crosses are essential in themselves, and the pictures without these are not sufficient, or even sculptures representing the mysteries of the Stations. In 1837, the Bishop of Bruges informed the Congregation of Indulgences of the custom that had existed in the diocese from time immemorial of making use of fourteen pictures, instead of the fourteen crosses. He desired also to know if this was sufficient. The reply states that the crosses are absolutely necessary, and should be placed over each Station. The following is the petition presented, respecting this matter, and the answer which was given to it:

The Bishop of Bruges in Belgium supplicates the Holy Father respecting some doubts which exist respecting the Indulgences connected with those which have been erected in his diocese. He humbly states to His Holiness. That some doubts have arisen in his diocese in consequence of the statement of one of the Consultors of the Congregation of Indulgences, who asserts that to gain the Indulgences of the Way of the Cross, besides the ordinary conditions, it is required that, 1st, There should be fourteen crosses. 2d, That these should be so placed in the church that they begin at the Gospel side and end at the Epistle side. From time immemorial a different practice has prevailed in this diocese and in all Belgium, instead of fourteen crosses only pictures are made use of at each of the Stations, and these commence at the Epistle side, and end at the Gospel side, and as scandal may arise in consequence of the aforesaid statements the Bishop of Bruges humbly solicits answers to the following questions: Instead of the crosses can fourteen pictures, representing the mysteries of each Station, be retained? 3d, Is it of any consequence whether they commence from the Gospel or from the Epistle side.

The answers to the queries are as follows, 1st, The fourteen pictures, descriptive of the Way of the Cross, may be retained, but fourteen crosses are to be placed over each of these, for not the pictures but the crosses are to be blessed, in order that the Indulgences may be gained. 2d, It is not necessary, by way of precept, that in order to gain the Indulgences the Way of the Cross should begin from the Gospel side; this, however, is the custom and general practice and seems suited to the pious exercises.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

COLLECTION FOR THE PAULIST FATHERS IN BELLEVILLE, N. J.—A mission was given, a few months since, at Belleville, N. J., by the Paulist Fathers, and one of them, we understand—Rev. F. A. Baker—on Sunday, the 23d of May, visited, by invitation, St. Peter's Church of that place. To sustain the spirit of the late mission, he preached two thrilling sermons—one at last mass, addressed to the Catholics against mortal sin; the other in the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, directed to the Protestants, of whom great numbers were present, on the marks of the true Church. As the people understood that these good Fathers were endeavoring to build a church and monastery in the city of New York, they, without any collection, or scarce an appeal, but only on the bare intimation of this fact, waited individually on Father Baker after mass and during the afternoon, with their contributions. These amounted to three hundred and fifteen dollars, which, with one hundred dollars presented from the same church at the close of the mission, make between four and five hundred dollars from this congregation of about twelve hundred persons, old and young, at the utmost, towards the Paulist Church and Monastery, about to be erected in the city of New York. It is worthy of remark, that no inconsiderable portion of the above sum was handed to Father Baker by children. Thus the strong faith of the humble children of the Church is everywhere, with its ardent charity, melting away the mountains of prejudice and icy selfishness, that vainly obstruct the progress of true religion and Roman Catholic unity throughout the land.

RECATON OF MISS BUNKLEY.—In a corner of one of our secular papers (says The Charleston Miscellany), some seven or eight days ago, we saw a brief paragraph of one or two lines, stating that Miss Bunkley (now Mrs. Andrews) had made a recantation. As this can only be supposed to refer to the false statements made against the Sisters of Charity in her book, or the book that was given to the world under her name, we think the fact deserves more publicity than it has received. She is not the first who has retracted false charges, made in a moment of passion or excitement, against Catholic institutions; and we are glad, not so much for the sake of the Church (which no human shaft can wound, much less overthrow), as for her own, that she has disburdened her mind, and sought peace for her troubled conscience, where alone it can be found—in repentance and striving to undo the wrong, into the doing of which she was seduced by the craft of a few miserable bigots and politicians.

A correspondent of The Catholic Herald says:

It may interest you to know in your defence against the attacks made upon our Holy Religion, that Mrs. Andrews, late Miss Josephine Bunkley, has publicly renounced the book lately written with her sanction and approval against our religion. Her retraction was read in the pulpit of the church in Norfolk, Va., by Father O'Keefe. She deeply deplores the scandal she has given; retracts all contained in the publication of her book, and begs pardon for all the injury, etc., that she has been instrumental in doing. The Rev. Pastor, after reading her letter of retraction to the congregation, stated he had not, during the whole course of his ministry, seen more intense sorrow and contrition exhibited in any one, than was evinced by her for the false step she had taken, and the scandal she had given. She has been again received into the Church, and went to Holy Communion on Saturday. So in this case, our religion has been vindicated, and our opponents ought to see what little reliance can be placed in the denunciations of those who apostatize from the Faith. That Miss B. is now truly contrite there can be scarcely a doubt, and God grant that she may continue so and persevere to the end! Her friends and relations—including father, husband, and all—are Protestants, and her struggle may be a hard one, but I trust that Almighty God will give her grace and strength to surmount all difficulties.

DEATH OF BISHOP PORTIER.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 15th inst., announces the death of Right Rev. Michael Portier, D. D., Bishop of Mobile. He died on the 14th ult., after a lingering illness of several weeks.

The deceased prelate was born at Montbrison, Department of the Loire, in France, in the year 1795; he was consecrated Bishop of Mobile November 5, 1856, and was, at the time of his death, the oldest Bishop in the United States.

Bishop Portier was the model of missionary bishops. Firm and unflinching in the exercise of his duty, he was a mild, amiable father to all who were under his charge, and succeeded in winning the esteem and affection not only of his flock, but of his Protestant fellow-citizens. His zeal was great, his labors incessant, his courage in the service of his Master indomitable; but they were all tempered by that spirit of cheerfulness which is a distinguishing mark of God's servants. He has gone, we trust, to receive his reward at the hands of the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord! and let light everlasting shine upon him! [Charleston Miscellany]

CONFIRMATION BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS.—Archbishop Blanc (says The Progreneur Catholique) confirmed 114 persons at the Church of St. John the Baptist, on the 28th April; and on the Sunday following, 26 at St. Michael's, and 31 in the Chapel of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. On the Thursday following, the 5th inst., he confirmed 32 at West Baton Rouge, and 85 more in the Parochial Church of Pointe Coupee. On Tuesday, 10th inst., he left for Mobile, to visit Bishop Portier in his last illness.

DEDICATION AT NORTH BRIDGewater.—On Sunday last, says The Boston Pilot of the 28th May, the new Church of St. Patrick's, at North Bridgewater, was dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, it having been recently completed under the direction of Rev. Thomas McNulty. Notwithstanding the severe inclemency of the weather, the church was crowded, forenoon and afternoon. Before the ceremony of dedication was performed by the Bishop, the nature and meaning of the ceremony were explained by Rev. Father McElroy, of St. Mary's, Boston. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Roach of Randolph, with Rev. Father Sheahan of Salem, as Deacon, and Rev. Father Tallon of New Bedford, as Sub-Deacon. Rev. J. A. Healey, of the Cathedral, officiated as Master of Ceremonies. Tarnier's Mass was sung by the choir of the Immaculate Conception, Salem. The dedication sermon was preached by Bishop Fitzpatrick, and Rev. Father McElroy preached in the afternoon. St. Patrick's Church is entirely completed, and is a very fine structure. It is in the Romanesque style; one hundred and ten feet in length, and fifty-eight feet wide. It is built of brick, trimmed with granite. The basement is built of granite. The tower and steeple run up to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. The church has a fine situation on the principal street of the town, and together with the land—something over half an acre—the whole cost is \$25,000.

RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, PHILADELPHIA.—On last Saturday morning, says The Herald and Visitor of the 28th ult., in the Chapel of the House of the Good Shepherd, Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, assisted by Rev. J. D. Bowles of Burlington, N. J., and Rev. Nicholas Walsh of Ivy Mills, Pa., performed one of the most touching and imposing ceremonies of our Holy Religion, namely, the reception of the Habit by four young ladies, and the Solemn Profession of another. The names of the young ladies who renounced the world to follow the Lamb, were Miss Catharine McKeone (in religion, Sister Mary of St. Francis Xavier), Miss Mary Tuitt (in religion, Sister Mary of the Presentation), Miss Ellen Devlin (in religion, Sister Mary of St. Aloysius), Miss Elizabeth Byrnes (in religion, Sister Mary of St. Alphonsus Ligouri), and on the same occasion, Sister Mary Ephrema made her profession as lay Sister. The Right Rev. Bishop delivered a most able and beautiful sermon previous to the solemn ceremony, taking for his text the Sermon on the Mount. A large number of the friends and relations of the young ladies were present, and much impressed with what they had seen and heard.

CONFIRMATION IN NORRISTOWN.—Right Rev. Bishop Wood administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and twenty persons, at St. Patrick's Church, Norristown, on Sunday, 15th inst.

CONFIRMATION.—On Sunday last, 22d inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. John's Church, Eager street, to one hundred and fifty persons, several of whom were adults and converts, and most of them made their first communion since Easter Sunday. The Archbishop preached after the Gospel, in a highly impressive and forcible manner. [Mirror, May 28.]

A CHURCH TO BE DEDICATED.—The Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, says The Baltimore Mirror, at Mechanistown, Frederick County, in this State (Maryland), will be dedicated at 10 o'clock on Sunday, June 5th. It is attended by one of the priests of Mount St. Mary's College.

CHURCH IMPROVEMENT.—We understand t e

Pastor and congregation of St. John's have at length taken the initiatory steps to complete the front of the church, the present condition of the building rendering it unsafe to leave it any longer unfinished. We hope they will receive substantial sympathy from their Catholic brethren throughout the city, and that this work will be completed before many months. [Baltimore Mirror, May 28.]

LANDING OF THE CATHOLIC PILGRIMS.—On the 11th instant the students of Mount St. Mary's College celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Catholic Pilgrims on the shores of Maryland. The proceedings, which took place in the large College hall, consisted mainly of speeches and a concert. The addresses prepared for the occasion were delivered by Master John McLaughlin, of Baltimore, and Master St. Clair Johns, of Louisiana. They were well delivered and were received with applause by the audience.

FOREIGN.

THE ECUMENICAL LETTER OF THE POPE.—To our venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Priests in communion with the Holy See. Pius IX, Pope. Venerable Brethren, apostolic health and benediction:—

In celebrating with the effusion of joy, in these holy days and in the whole world, the solemn anniversary of the paschal mystery, our Holy Mother the Church remembers—as in the memory of all the faithful—the consoling words of that happy peace which the only Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, recuscitated, after having conquered death and destroyed the tyranny of the devil, has so often and with so much love announced to his disciples; and now, at the same time, the sinister cry of war rises among the Catholic nations, and resounds to all ears.

Holling on earth, notwithstanding our unworthiness, the place of Him who, coming from the bosom of the Immaculate Virgin, by the voice of his angels announced “peace to men of good will,” who, rising from the dead and ascended to heaven, to sit at the right hand of the Father, left peace to his disciples; and induced by the particular and fatherly sentiments of our love and our solicitude, principally towards the Catholic nations, we cannot refrain from always preaching peace, and applying ourselves with all the strength of our mind to inculcate to all the very words of our Saviour, so often repeated: *Pax vobis! Pax vobis!!* It is with those words of peace that we lovingly address you, venerable brethren, who are called to share our solicitude, so that, in your piety, you should excite by your zeal and efforts the faithful entrusted to your vigilance, to address their prayers to the Almighty God, that He might give to all His people that peace so much desired.

In accordance with our pastoral duty we have already ordered that in all our Pontifical States public prayers should be addressed to the most clement Father of Mercy. But, following the example of our predecessors, we have moreover resolved to have recourse to your prayers, and those of the whole Church. It is for this, therefore, venerable brethren, that we ask you by this letter to order—as soon as possible according to the inspirations of your zeal for religion—public prayers in your diocese, so that the faithful entrusted to your care, after having implored the help of the all-powerful intercession of the very holy and immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, should pray with ardor, and beseech the Almighty, whose mercy is inexhaustible, to deign, by the merits of his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to avert from us His anger, put an end to wars in the whole world, enlighten with the rays of His divine grace the minds of men, all their hearts with the love of Christian peace, and by His sovereign virtue; so that, being all established and rooted in faith and charity, applying themselves to practice His holy command, demanding with a truly penitent and humble heart the forgiveness of their sins, avoiding evil and doing good, they might follow in all points the path of justice, be penetrated with permanent charity for one another, and thus obtain the benefit of a peace fertile of fruits of salvation towards God, and all men.

We do not doubt at all, venerable brethren, that the calling which you have for us and the Apostolic See will lead you to answer with zeal the desires and the wishes which we have just expressed. But in order that the faithful should pray with more ardor and more fruit, we will open the treasury of heavenly graces, with the dispensation of which the Almighty has entrusted us, and pour their riches upon them.

Therefore we grant them, in the customary form, an indulgence of three hundred days, which they will gain every time they are present at those prayers, and when they shall devoutly pray. Moreover, during the time

that those same prayers shall last, we grant them a plenary indulgence, to be won once each month on the day when, purified by the sacrament of penance and strengthened by the most holy Eucharist, they shall religiously visit some church and address prayers in the same spirit to God.

It is sweet to us, venerable brethren, to seize upon this occasion to express to you again, and to confirm the feelings of benevolence which we feel for all of you. Receive, as a token of our esteem, the apostolic benediction which we give you with love from the bottom of our heart; to yourselves, venerable brethren, and to all the faithful clergymen and laymen entrusted to your care.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, on the 27th of April, 1859, and the thirteenth of our pontificate.

SACRILEGE AT A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The magistrates at Rochester were occupied a considerable time on Monday afternoon, 9th ult., in the examination of three soldiers belonging to the Nineteenth and Fifty-second Regiments, at Chatham, named Wm. Campbell, William Reynolds and John McCarthy, on a charge of having broken into the Roman Catholic Chapel at Brompton and stolen a large iron chest from off the altar, containing the silver articles used in the celebration of high mass. The sacrilegists obtained an entrance by forcing a window, through which they passed. They then proceeded to an altar, and attempted to force open the iron chest, which was of great strength, and richly gilt. The chest, however, defied all attempts to open it, on which they removed it from the altar and carried it to Chatham lines, a distance of about a mile, where they broke it open near the Sullyport, by dashing it against a large stone. After abstracting the contents, the chest was left on the lines, where it was subsequently found. The same day the prisoners offered some of the mutilated articles found in Chatham, which led to their being apprehended. Other portions of the silver articles were discovered thrown away in a field near the Chatham Railroad station. The magistrates committed the prisoners for trial. [London Daily News.]

COMITION OF THINGS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.—The following items of intelligence are obtained from a correspondent at Rome, who writes under date of 7th May:

It appears certain that General de Goyon has received positive instructions to keep everything quiet here, and the expected reinforcements will place him in a position to protect the Pope from any internal or external molestations. A portion of the French troops which were to have left Rome for the seat of war, have been counter-ordered, and we are expecting about two thousand more men every day from France, to complete the regiments already in garrison.

The homeward rush continues to fill the trains to Civita Vecchia, and crowd the French steamers in that port with travellers obliged to adopt the route by Marseilles in consequence of the present state of the north of Italy. The King and Queen of Prussia made an exception to this rule on Monday morning, by setting off for Ancona, where they would of course feel comfortable in the ascendancy of the Teutonic element. Before leaving Rome their Majesties paid a farewell visit to the Pope, and on Saturday evening took a last look at the treasures of the Vatican Gallery, by torchlight.

The Prince of Wales also left Rome on Monday, much to his own regret and that of the many persons here who had learned to appreciate the amiability of his manners, the cultivation of his mind, and the benevolence of his disposition. On Sunday evening his Royal Highness entertained at dinner the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Odo Russell, Mr. Pentland, and Mr. Gibson, his principal companions in the agreeable winter occupation of “seeing Rome.” On Monday morning the Prince visited the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, and was accompanied in his investigations of the various interesting monuments of art and antiquity it contains, by Rev. William F. Beavan, of the Minor Conventuals, the only priest belonging to the Principality of Wales now in Rome. The Rev. Father had the honor of presenting to the Prince a well-executed engraving of the celebrated monument to Clement XIV., by Canova, which forms one of the chief ornaments of the church, and a silver medal representing the facade of the Basilica, and the bust of Pope Ganganelli, the patron of his order.

About four o'clock the Prince left his hotel, at the door of which were collected several carriages full of English ladies, who wished the Prince a happy journey, and presented him with some beautiful bouquets. Besides the members of his suite, Lord Stratford de

Redcliffe, Mr. Odo Russell, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Pentland accompanied the Prince to the railway station, and Mr. Russell attended his Royal Highness to Civita Vecchia, where the Scourge being in readiness, and the weather fine, the Prince and his suite embarked at once, and bade adieu to the Papal shores about eight o'clock, steaming for the Straits of Bonifacio, en route for Gibraltar, a trip of three or four days' duration. It is expected that the Prince will pass some little time in the city of Spain, before proceeding homewards in the vessel which is to meet him at Gibraltar.

His Royal Highness has not had it in his power to afford much patronage to the fine arts in Rome, but he has made a few purchases, and the last piece of marble he ordered was Miss Homer's spirited little statue representing “Puck on a mushroom.”

I have been informed on the best authority that the Papal Government has finally decided to purchase the Marquis Campana's celebrated museum, and that the contract between the two parties has already been drawn up. This piece of intelligence has produced a gratifying sensation in Rome, and has given a satisfaction that is interesting, museum, or, rather, series of museums, should remain in this city instead of being dismembered and dispersed abroad, and also from a feeling of sympathy with the Marquis Campana himself, whose present painful position is doubtless owing to that passion for art collecting which led him to amass a number of every available means for the enrichment and completion of his various collections.

The Marquis's liabilities to the Government will be amply reimbursed by his transferring the museum, and I understand that a surplus of the price will remain at his own disposition. It is much to be regretted, for the sake of the Government and that of the Museum, that a similar arrangement could not have been entered into at the beginning, which would have prevented many mutual and disgraceful imputations. The Marquis will be restored to liberty on the ratification of the transaction, and his museum will be placed in the Palace of St. John Lateran, where the present Pope has already collected a vast number of interesting remnants of ancient art, and especially of objects belonging to the early Christian period.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, CABA.—On last Sunday, the 8th inst., at St. Mary's, Caba, was witnessed a spectacle, which, we believe, has made an indelible impression on the hearts of all those who were present. To witness young and innocent children, on any occasion, receiving reverently the sacraments of confirmation and first communion, must be gratifying to the Christian heart, but when we behold the most destitute, the most afflicted, the most pitiable of our kind rescued from darkness, and instructed in piety and virtue—when we see them approaching the sacraments we feel what we cannot describe. In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop the Right Rev. Doctor Whelan confirmed eighteen deaf mute girls, and nineteen deaf mute boys. His lordship also administered first communion to twenty deaf mutes. The piety which beamed on the countenances of those poor mutes, the recollection and fervor with which they approached the sacraments will never be forgotten by all those who witnessed the happy scene. Would that those who have the means of aiding suffering humanity had been present at Caba Convent on last Sunday, if so, we firmly believe the hardest heart would never refuse a subscription to the Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

On Sunday last, six of the Vincentian Fathers, sanctioned by the approval of the Bishop of Ardagh, commenced a mission in Longford, when the Rev. Mr. Dixon opened with the text, “Do Penance, the Kingdom of God is at hand.” In the evening the Right Rev. Dr. Kilguff gave benediction in the presence of a large congregation.

The Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, held his annual visitation this morning at St. Patrick's Church, Georges street, where he was met by the Rev. P. Kent P.P., and other clergy of the parish. His lordship bestowed the sacrament of confirmation on a number of three hundred children of both sexes, and at the same time expressed the satisfaction which he had experienced at finding the proficiency which they exhibited in the knowledge of the Christian Doctrine, evidencing, as it did, the watchful care of the esteemed clergymen of the parish, and their other teachers over their religious culture.

The colonel of a French regiment, about to leave Paris, for Italy, wondering at seeing many of his soldiers leave the barracks for some hours, learned with great surprise that they went to confession in the neighbouring churches. This good officer immediately invited some priests to come to the barracks, and several of them remained for a good part of the night to satisfy the piety of the brave fellows. [Ami de la Religion.]

CATHOLIC DISABILITY IN ENGLAND.—On Mon-

day the 9th ult., a most influential meeting of the Catholics of the north-east district of London was held in the Temperance Hall, Spicer street, adjoining the Church, the object of which was to obtain from the Catholic rate-payers, not alone of the metropolis but in England, the same rights and privileges as their Protestant fellow subjects, by law, enjoy and exercise in Ireland; or in other words, that Catholic clergymen in England should have the same facility of entering Poorhouses as the Protestant clergymen.

The attendance was most numerous, and hundreds had to leave without gaining admittance to the spacious building recently erected by Mr. Kelly, of Kingsland.

On the platform were observed some of the leading Catholics of the adjoining parishes. Appropriate speeches were delivered by several gentlemen.

The Rev. Father Lockhart, of the Kingsland Mission (well known in the west of Ireland), after a few observations announced that a similar meeting would be held at St. Joseph's Hall, Kingsland, on Monday evening the 16th instant, for the same object.

The colossal statue of Our Lady of France, modelled by Mr. Bonnat, and to be placed on the great road of the town of Puy, has just been successfully cast in bronze. This statue is nearly as large as the famous Colossus of Rhodes.

The Catholics in Berlin, who amount to thirty thousand, have not a single college in that capital, nor in Brandenburg, Pomerania, Lusatia, or Prussian Saxony, and they are likely to have to wait a long time to see Prussian religious liberality come up to the standard of the Austrians.

The Weekly Register states that the Duke of Leeds was a short time previous to his death received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Bishop of Beverley.

The laying of the first stone of the Church of Notre Dame de Clignancourt, at Montmartre, and the usual benediction of it, took place on the 4th May, by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, the Prefect of the Seine being present. An immense concourse of persons assembled to witness the ceremony. After an address from M. de Trelatign, the Mayor, the Archbishop performed the usual ceremony of benediction, and the proceedings terminated. The cortege returned to the Mairie, where a banquet of one hundred covers was prepared. Several loyal toasts were drunk; that to the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, giving rise to the most enthusiastic cheers. In the evening the public buildings were illuminated.

A HORRIBLE PROSPECT OF DEATH.—The Droit has the following story:—At Trassanel, near Carcassonne (Aude), in the midst of the mountains, a grove of great beauty, and near it are several openings in the ground, of great depth. A few days ago a shepherd boy, in passing one of them, threw in a stone, and to his astonishment the fall of it was followed by a low moan. At first he was greatly frightened, popular superstition representing the place to be haunted; but summoning up his courage he threw in another stone, which was also followed by a moan from below; then placing himself flat on the ground he extended his head over the opening, and, having cried out to the person below, heard inarticulate cries responding. Convinced that some one was below, he summoned a number of the villagers, and they, placing a long beam across the orifice, let down a rope. When the rope had descended about 60 metres, they perceived that it was seized. They called to the person below, but could not understand his answers; and, finding that something had been attached to the rope, they proceeded to draw it up slowly. They found suspended to it a young man, named Vergues, belonging to the village. He was in such a pitiable state that he could scarcely reply to the questions put to him, and he was conveyed home. The next morning he had recovered sufficiently to state that two days before, as he was going from Trassanel to Carcass, he suddenly received two blows on the head which stunned him. What then took place he could not say, but when he recovered a certain degree of consciousness he found himself in darkness, and sore in every limb. Looking up he perceived daylight at a great height from him, and perceived that he was in some kind of a pit. He was afraid to move, and felt convinced that it was useless to call out for help. His situation was consequently truly horrible. He, however, remained in that situation until rescued in the manner described above. The magistrates of the district immediately commenced an investigation into this extraordinary affair, and they have caused two brothers, named Griffie, to be arrested.

RE-OPENING OF ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH.

Decorations of the Interior.

Discourse of Rev. Father Baker.

Last Sunday, the 29th ult., the decorations of the interior of St. Bridget's having been completed, the sacred edifice was opened for the first time during several months. The occasion was one of great interest to the people of this parish, and at each Mass the church was literally crowded. We may state here, before proceeding to a description of the decorations, that the sum subscribed by the congregation towards defraying the expense of the embellishment of the building, amounted to two thousand dollars.

The only change that we observed in the external appearance of the church, was the removal of the winter boxes, which in this Summer weather are certainly neither useful nor ornamental. Their place, however, has been supplied by handsome stone cornices, and other ornaments. On entering the vestibule you observe that it has been greatly improved by the introduction of a partition partly of stained glass, the designs on which exhibit a great deal of artistic taste. Passing from the vestibule into the main body of the edifice, the exquisitely constructed altar, rich and chaste in the simple blending of gold and white, is the first thing that attracts the attention. Some idea may be formed of its dimensions, when it is known that it occupies a space of about twenty by forty feet. It is in the Gothic style, and harmonizes admirably with the general character of the building. We may say here that it was never before brought out with such striking effect, which is owing to the dark color, in which the background is painted. The contrast which is thus produced has the desired result, of making the altar the most prominent object in the church. The ornamentation of this and the other portions of the interior, was done under the supervision and direction of the Pastor, who, we understand, also furnished many of the designs. In the centre of the altar is a Munich figure of our Redeemer on the cross, the figure alone being the size of life. This was put up very recently, and as a work of art, possesses more than ordinary merit. Around and outside of the figure are smaller figures of angels, while above it is the appropriate and emblematic one of a lamb, in illustration of the prophecy of Isaiah—"and he shall be led forth like a lamb before the shearer, not opening his mouth."

On one side of the Crucifixion is a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin, and on the other a statue of St. Joseph. Both of these are admirable in execution. On either side of these again are frescoes of St. Bridget and St. Patrick. Above the altar, in beautifully illuminated characters, and arching it like a rainbow, is the appropriate inscription, "How delightful are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." This part is further embellished by two monograms, one of the Holy Family and the other of the Holy Trinity, the first being on the Epistle side of the altar and the latter on the Gospel side.

At the farther end of the galleries are two frescoes, on which more than usual artistic talent has been expended. These represent the Agony of our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane, and His baptism in the Jordan by St. John. They were both designed by Primo Berrato, who is at present engaged in the decoration of one of the finest churches in Philadelphia. The two frescoes at the other extremity of the galleries, representing our Redeemer in His boyhood and leading the Blessed Virgin by the hand, and St. Joseph in the act of advancing towards them, are also designed by the same artist.

The main ceiling is absolutely brilliant with decorations. The ground color is a deep blue, and this is literally gemmed with stars, and decorated with expressive monograms. Among these the eye readily detects a star of the first magnitude, which appears again and again as you approach the altar, and which is intended to typify the Star of Bethlehem. Above these stars are emblematic monograms. Thus, there are the keys of St. Peter illustrating the authority of the Church, the Mitre illustrating the peaceful reign, the I. H. S., expressing the suffering of our Lord, the Lamb of God, the Cross with the shroud, the spear, the ladder and the sponge, the instruments of torture, the crown of thorns

supported by the reed, the pillar with the scourge, and the chalice, emblematic of sacrifice. This last is placed over the altar. These monograms are on the right hand side of the ceiling, while on the other side are monograms illustrating the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, monograms of the Holy Family, &c. In addition to these there are other appropriate designs, while on that part of the ceiling which is over the altar there is a brief and expressive prayer to Sts. Patrick and Bridget.

The ceiling over the galleries is only less beautifully embellished than the main ceiling, and there is enough in the designs and workmanship in all to occupy one's attention for hours together.

In our description of the altar we should have referred to its additional decoration with lilies, from the centre of each of which springs a jet of gold, the effect of which, when lighted, is very brilliant. These are the first of the kind ever introduced in a church and were designed by Messrs. Mitchell & Vance. The stained glass windows were put up by Mr. Morgan, by whom the designs were also furnished.

THE SERMON.

The services were commenced about half past ten o'clock, Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G. officiating as Celebrant, Rev. Charles Sleavin as Deacon, and Rev. George Deshon of the Paulist Fathers, as Sub-Deacon. Rev. Mr. Mooney was unable to officiate on account of the severe accident from which he is suffering, but he was within the Sanctuary during celebration of Mass.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Baker, one of the missionaries of St. Paul. He commenced by reading the 8th verse of the 25th Psalm, as follows:—

"Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth."

My DEAR BROTHERS, proceeded the Rev. speaker, as I look around me and see the large congregation that is here assembled, the crowded floor and the crowded gallery, I am reminded of the holy mission that closed in this church twelve months ago. I remember the last night of the mission, when with one mind you all declared to the ears of Heaven your determination to live forever in the holy faith and love of God. I am sure you have not forgotten us, and I know we have not forgotten you. When your Pastor, therefore, invited one of us to come here to-day, it was with the greatest pleasure I consented to address you once more.

I congratulate you, my dearly beloved brethren, upon the re-opening of your church, and the really beautiful manner in which it is embellished and decorated. Commonly speaking, it is not considered the thing to look about in church, but you can do so here without having your thoughts distracted, for wherever you turn your eyes you see something calculated to excite feelings of piety and devotion. Looking at the altar you behold the inscription which explains the ceremony of to-day, "How delightful are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." This was the language of the Jewish prophet, but how much more expressive ought to be our language, how much more ought we to say, "I have loved the beauty of thy house."

I will speak of the zeal we ought to display for the church. We ought to show this in the first place by maintaining it in decency and beauty; and in the second place, we ought to show our zeal for the church by coming and worshipping in it humbly and sincerely. There are those who deny the first of these obligations, and who say that religion is a thing altogether spiritual and internal; and, therefore, our churches should be plain, simple, and unadorned. How much more wisely, however, does the Catholic Church act. She regards man as he is, constituted of body and soul, and so she employs grand architecture, solemn music, exquisite paintings, magnificent decorations, the richest vestments—everything, in fact, that is calculated to enlist the eye, the ear and the taste of man, as well as his mind and understanding. Even if there was no other reason than this, it ought to be sufficient. But there is another: our Lord dwells in the church. Almighty God dwelt in the tabernacle of old, and there was a light burning before it as a symbol of His presence. He afterwards dwelt in the Holy of Holies, before the door of which a veil was suspended. No one was allowed to enter but the High Priest, and he but once a year. Now He dwells in the Catholic Church. He has, as it were, thrown himself upon our generosity; He comes to us in the white Host, and it remains with us to prepare for him a fitting dwelling-place. Is it not right then to employ all the resources of art to beautify and adorn the Church of God? You remember that it was Judas Iscariot who blamed Mary Magdalene for bringing an alabaster box of ointment to anoint the feet of the Redeemer; but our Lord said she had done well. Thus you see our Blessed Lord approved of the act, and there is no offering He rejects that is made out of pure love to Him. Such at least has always been the idea of the Catholic Church, and it is remarkable how consistent she has always been in decorating her

churches. Even among the early Christians this was evident. They dare not show themselves in the light of day, or worship openly as we do now; they had to go down under ground, and they chose the dark midnight and the tombs of the dead for the celebration of the Mass and the holy Sacraments of their religion. One would suppose that in these times they would have dispensed with every ornament; but it was not so. Their underground chambers exist to this day; they are the Catacombs of which you have so often heard, and you will see in these subterranean places the evidences of their efforts to adorn and beautify them—now a cross, then the image of the Good Shepherd; here the Ark of Noah, and there the picture of our Blessed Lady or the Apostles or other Saints. Oh, how strikingly do these old pictures speak to us!

To me they speak more powerfully of the Church's fondness for the embellishment of the house of God than even the splendor of the middle ages, because in the days of her poverty she did not dispense with the ornaments and decorations so necessary for its adornment. Now, if the Church did this when she was poor, it may be supposed she did not fail to do so when she became free; and thus we read that the very first act of Constantine was to lay the foundation of St. Peter's at Rome with his own hands, and that he afterwards gave it magnificent pictures and splendid furniture. He also built two churches—the church of St. Saviour at Rome and the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. But in the Middle Ages more particularly the Church evinced most manifestly her desire for the splendor of God's temple. Look all over Europe and see what she has done. The most splendid structures in the world are Catholic churches. The great masterpieces of painting and sculpture have been produced to adorn her edifices. What made those great cities of Europe, Strasburg, Rouen, Seville and others, build those grand old Catholic cathedrals which are the admiration and the wonder of travellers? What but Catholic piety and zeal for the honor and glory of God. Even in England, with all the wealth she has had for three centuries, what has she been able to do that will bear comparison with those old ministers of Catholic times—what with the cathedrals of York, Durham, and Westminster and Oxford? It was not only in the erection of these great edifices that the Church showed her influence—whatever she built she guided with the light of faith, whether it was a wayside cross, an oratory, or a convent. Men gave their earnings freely, and thus by the devotion and Christian zeal of her children she raised up those monuments of religion in every town and village that make the path of the traveller a succession of pleasures. We have an evidence in this country how the Catholic Church beautifies the structures she consecrates to God. Some of us may remember when the Cathedral of Baltimore was the only ecclesiastical building in this country that could make any pretensions to architectural splendor; but it no longer stands alone on the list of first-class Catholic churches. You cannot go into any city without seeing them, and being struck with the fact that they are the ornament of the neighborhood in which they are situated. Go to the South, and you will find the cathedrals of Philadelphia, of Charleston, of New Orleans, and of Mobile; to the West, and you will see the splendid cathedrals of Pittsburgh, of Cincinnati, and of Louisville; to the Northwest, and you will behold the cathedrals of Albany and of Buffalo, while in the former—that is in Albany—there is, besides the cathedral, a second church, which is hardly inferior to it in dimensions and architectural beauty. We of this part of the world have been so taken up in providing parish churches that we have not been able to decorate them as we should desire. In the City of St. Louis they have secured a splendid site for a cathedral, while in our own city we shall have one which will be equal to the proudest of the Old World. And who are they that are doing all this? They are poor Catholics. Poor Catholics indeed! That is a name which is becoming less and less applicable every year. Catholics are now to be found in the highest social positions; among our merchants, our lawyers, our judges, and other professions. Yet it is the poor men, with but their dollar a day, and poor servant girls, with their six dollars a month, who have contributed the most to raise these cathedrals; and if in our poverty we have done so much, what will not the Church do here when she becomes more wealthy and more powerful?

It need not have gone so far for illustrations of the progress of the Church in this country. I have only to call your attention to the beautiful edifice in which we now are. These storied windows, those beautifully painted walls, the gorgeously embellished roof, and this chaste and exquisitely decorated altar, show how much importance the Catholic Church attaches to this subject. You know that your Reverend Pastor has done this out of his zeal for the glory of the House of God. He has studied day and night to add grace to grace and ornament to ornament. He has not spared himself since he undertook this truly pious task; he has worked, and when I called here a short time ago I found him with a paint brush working like any journeyman; and you know the severe injuries which are the penalties that he has paid for his all-engrossing interest in this beauti-

ful edifice. What has he done all this for? For God, trusting in your love and your zeal for the Church. He has made this edifice what we now behold it, that you might give it to God, and you have not disappointed him, but have showed that you are true Catholics, and that you have saved the same faith as your Catholic forefathers.

Not only should you show your respect for the House of God by making it attractive, but you should worship in it humbly and sincerely. You should remember that the church is made for you, not you for the church. You are the greatest of names of the church; it is you that give life to the pavement and speech to the walls. Come, then, to the church you have made so beautiful. How glad would I be were it here as in the churches of Europe; and that you could come every day; that the laborer, as he went to his work, could stop in to hear Mass; that the wife, on her way to market, could remain a few moments within its walls, to make a short prayer and to ask for the blessing of heaven upon herself and her children—this would be indeed a source of delight to your dear Pastor. But if you are too busy to come on week days, do not neglect to come on Sunday to hear Mass, and at Easter to communion. The Jews thrice a year went up to the temple of God, many of them from a long distance and at great sacrifice. Let it not, then, be heard of that any Catholic in this parish passed by Easter without making his communion.

There is only one thing more I ask of you, and that is to give us priests. The time will come when those who now officiate within your sanctuaries will disappear from the scenes of their earthly labors, and we shall want others to fill their places. As it is to you we must look for them, I ask you to encourage your children in the path of virtue, and to instruct them in the fear and love of God. If you find one who is more disposed than the others to piety, and inclined to enter the priesthood, tell him what a glorious thing it is to be a priest of God; tell him it is far better to be a priest to instruct the ignorant, to help the miserable and to console the dying than to occupy the highest position the world can give. Tell him he cannot escape in any way a life of toil and of labor, but that the toil and the labor of the good priest bring forth the greatest reward of all. Let me, in conclusion, exhort you to resolve to seek that heavenly home which is the reward of all who love God and obey his law. Do not cheat yourself out of the sight of the vision of God. Mortal sin will close the gate of Heaven against you. Therefore, resolve this morning by a life of piety and virtue to make yourself worthy of seeing God and of reigning eternally with Him in Heaven.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Annual Exhibition of the Pupils.

The second annual exhibition of the pupils of St. Patrick's Sunday School was held on Thursday evening in the Apollo Rooms, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion. The part of the room reserved for the pupils was separated from the rest by screens composed of Irish and American flags, which extended from either wall to the centre, leaving open, however, a space sufficiently large for the exercises of the evening. During the intervals between the exercises this space was covered with a curtain, or drop-scene as we may call it, made in imitation of the national colors—red, white and blue, which had a gay and lively effect. The Ceillean Brass Band attached to St. Bridget's church, numbering some dozen pieces, occupied the orchestra to the side of the building, and added not a little to the pleasure of the evening by their excellent selections. The best proof of the attractive character of the programme was undoubtedly the crowded aisles and thickly planted rows of well-filled seats; but it was shown also by the applause, that ever and anon testified that remained undiminished to the close. The large attendance was peculiarly gratifying. It is intended to apply the proceeds to the extension and enlargement of the Library, which is free to all poor boys of the Sunday School. The different classes were examined in Catechism fully and thoroughly, and their manner of answering was so satisfactory that it drew from Very Rev. Mr. Starrs a few words of hearty commendation. The exercises were diversified enough to suit all tastes; vocal and instrumental music, speeches, addresses, and declamations, followed each other in quick succession. The declamatory pieces extended over a wide range, from the primary poetical recitation up through all grades to very creditable dramatic performances. The opening address, by James A. Leonard, and the closing address, by Chas. G. Baker, were well and clearly enunciated, as was also "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by James F. T. Goodwin. "Regulus Ad-

dress to the Roman Senate," by Benjamin F. Ober; "Irish Aliens and English Victories," by Joseph A. McGuire, and "O'Connell on the Irish Disturbance Bill," by Charles E. McElroy, were delivered with a good deal of spirit and animation. The first part of the evening's entertainment concluded with a very amusing piece entitled "Goody Grim versus Lapstone," in which the different characters were sustained by Joseph P. Kennedy, Benjamin P. Ober, Thomas S. Dillon, and Cornelius Gallagher. Judging from the applause, the dialogues, of which there were four, were highly relished by the audience, and all the more so that the juvenile performers were dressed in character, and appeared to enter with zest into the spirit of the scene. "The Gladiator" was one of the best of these little sketches of the drama; indeed, to do justice to the youthful performers, it was rendered wonderfully well, as was also "A Cruel Landlord and a Bad Tenant," by C. G. Baker and Randal J. O'Connell. "The Church—Its Influence on Civilization," was spoken by G. W. J. Rooney, clearly and distinctly; "Marnion Taking Leave of Douglas," by Thomas F. H. Shiels; "Guilt Cannot Keep its Own Secret," by Thomas Dowd, and "The Baron's Last Banquet," by Joseph P. Kennedy, were very creditable pieces of declamation. "The Siamese Twins," a laughable extravaganza, was received with marked favor by the audience, who enjoyed it unreservedly. The characters were taken by William Campbell, James A. Leonard, Joseph A. McGuire, George W. J. Rooney, Michael A. Thomas, and Cornelius Gallagher. That it amused the audience was its best eulogium. It was pleasant, while listening to the declamations of the pupils, to observe how well chosen were the selections, and to hear the lofty eloquence of Gratton alternating with the classic periods of Livy, and O'Connell's indignant denunciations, followed by Scott's irregular rhymes, or Campbell's polished verses. Several pieces were sung by the pupils in concert, and two solos by Mr. Harding, which were loudly encored. We have before mentioned the Cecilian Band, which pleasingly filled up the intervals between the pieces and the intermissions between the parts. That the Society have reason to congratulate themselves on the success that attended their laudable endeavor to procure healthy mental food for the pupils of St. Patrick's Sunday School, we have no doubt, from the numbers that crowded the exhibition room to the very door, and we hope that the book shelves of the library will testify satisfactorily to the results of last Thursday evening's entertainment.

The Very Rev. Mr. Starrs said he could not permit the exercises of the evening to conclude without expressing the pleasure he felt that every thing had passed off so creditably to all engaged in them. In the examination of Catechism the pupils acquitted themselves in a manner which reflected credit on themselves and their teachers. The addresses and recitations were spirited and natural, and the singing excellent and well selected. The pleasure of the evening was considerably enhanced by the diversity of the programme which was varied enough to please even so large an audience as this, and that it succeeded in effecting that object the frequent marks of approbation left no room to doubt. As for the teachers of St. Patrick's Sunday School, said he, I must say that I have been frequently edified by their zeal and perseverance in the discharge of their voluntary duties. They dedicate the mornings and afternoons of every Sunday to the pious task of imparting religious instruction to these boys, and that without hope or expectation of reward. But if they do not receive it in this world, they surely will in the next, for is it not written, "they that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the firmament." Their anxiety for the welfare of these boys is not bounded by the instructions they impart to them; if they are absent from Sunday School they visit them, if in trouble they sympathize with them, they exert themselves to the utmost for their advancement, they have even procured situations for them, and in fact, the parents of these boys could not be more anxious for their welfare than the teachers of St. Patrick's School.

After some further remarks, the Rev. speaker said they were indebted to the Cecilian Band for an important feature of the evening's entertainment. They had all listened with pleasure to the beautiful music

which they had discoursed, and he should now, in the name of the Society and in his own name, thank them, and also for similar favors on former occasions, when he had not the opportunity to do so. He would also return his thanks to the gentleman who had kindly volunteered his services and to whose singing they had listened with so much pleasure.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN BROOKLYN.

What the Christian Brothers are Doing in that City.

Examination and Exhibition of the Pupils of St. James' School.

We have already placed before our readers extended reports of the examination of the pupils of the Christian Brothers in our Metropolis, and they have shared, in common with ourselves, the gratification which all who take an interest in Catholic education must have felt in the result. From the meagre accounts which had been published of their previous examinations, but a very imperfect and unsatisfactory opinion could have been formed in regard to the merits of the educational system of the Brothers, or of the proficiency of the scholars under their charge. It was time, however, that not only the Catholic public, but people of other religious denominations, should be made acquainted with all they were doing for the mental education and moral training of our youth. It is gratifying to see that our efforts have been appreciated in this respect, and to know at the same time that they have increased the interest which our people have always taken in the subject. The accounts which have been published in *THE RECORD*, of the examinations of the Christian Brothers, were confined to the schools under their charge in this city, but we found, by the receipt of an invitation from St. James' School in Brooklyn, that the field of their labors was not bounded by the limits of our own Metropolis. We learned from this and from inquiry, that although but seven years established, the school in our sister city had made great progress, that its pupils already numbered five hundred, and that it was almost impossible to meet the numerous applications that were constantly being made for admission. The course of education is as comprehensive as that of the schools of the Christian Brothers in New York, comprising Arithmetic, Grammar, Parsing, Algebra, Mensuration, Geography, Natural Philosophy, Book-keeping, History, Geometry, and the more ordinary branches. They also teach music, vocal and instrumental, and they teach it in the most thorough manner, for there is nothing superficial in their mode of instruction. The number of Brothers who have charge of St. James' School is five, including the Principal, Brother Isaiah.

The examination and exhibition occupied two evenings, the 25th and 26th ult., and the exercises were of an unusually interesting character. As it was supposed there would be a large audience the spacious lecture hall of the Athenaeum was engaged for the purpose under the impression that it would be amply sufficient for their accommodation, but the good Brothers were astray this time in their calculations, for a very considerable number were unable to find even standing room. The floor of the hall was literally crowded, the passages were thronged and the gallery was in the same condition. There certainly could not have been less than two thousand persons present each evening, and if the interest which our people take in these exhibitions increase with time there will not be a public hall in Brooklyn large enough to hold them in. We trust the day will come when the Brothers will be enabled to raise a building for such special occasions in connection with their schools. If we may judge from the past the future is certainly full of promise, and we hope to see even in our own day their schools as numerous in this city as those which are under the charge of the Board of Education.

But we are digressing from the subject of this article, which is to present a sketch of the examination and exhibition of the pupils of St. James' school. We will begin then by stating that the programme was of the most varied character, consisting of the examination of the pupils in the various studies above named. In Catechism they displayed a thorough knowledge of the minutest details, on

which they were questioned, while in Grammar, Parsing, Arithmetic, Geography and the other branches their proficiency was deserving of the highest praise. But it was in music, and particularly in instrumental music, that they excelled. In the command of the violin, which, by the way, is a favorite instrument in the schools of the Christian Brothers, they exhibited a skill that we hardly expected to find in mere school-boys. The opening address was well delivered by Master A. Conway, after which followed singing by the pupils and examination in the Catechism. The audience enjoyed a treat in the performance of Master J. Sullivan whose admirable playing on the piano was received with marked applause.

The second evening's exhibition was still more interesting and varied, and we regret that the already extended notice which we have given will prevent us from speaking of them in detail. The music, as at the previous evening, was excellent and the recitations and other exercises were well selected. The following are the names of the pupils who took part in the recitations, dialogues, &c.

Musical Exercises.
(A Dialogue). By Masters J. Nevin and W. Gardner.
Song, "The Old State House Bell." By the Pupils.
(A Dialogue). By Masters J. Nevin and W. Gardner.
Music, "On post on five miles," etc., on brass instruments. By the Pupils.
(A Dialogue). By Masters J. Nevin and W. Gardner.
Music, "The Dance of the Fairies." By the Pupils.
Song, "The Old State House Bell." By the Pupils.
Music, "On post on five miles," etc., on brass instruments. By the Pupils.
(A Dialogue). By Masters J. Nevin and W. Gardner.
Music, "The Dance of the Fairies." By the Pupils.
Song, "The Old State House Bell." By the Pupils.
Music, "On post on five miles," etc., on brass instruments. By the Pupils.

We should not omit to allude to the performance of Masters J. Doran and J. Shields, both of whom showed a command over the instrument, that indicated more than ordinary musical talent.

Among those present at the exhibition were Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, and Rev. Messrs. Turner, McGuire, McKenna and Cassidy.

In addition to the band of pupils attached to the school, there was another specially engaged for the occasion, under the direction of Professor Weigan. The teacher of the pupils in instrumental music is Professor A. J. Hoffman, to whose instruction their performance was most creditable.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF WILLIAMSBURG.

May Celebration of the Young Ladies of St. Joseph's Academy, Attached to St. Peter and Paul's Church.

The elegant and very beautiful ceremony of crowning the "May Queen" selected from the female pupils attached to the above-named most meritorious institution, took place in the spacious and well-ventilated school-room of the establishment, on Thursday last, the 27th of May, in the presence of a large audience, including parents and friends of the young ladies, a number of Catholics and some dissenters, residents of the eastern division of Brooklyn.

Rev. S. Malone, Pastor of the Church, with many other clergymen, the Reverend Mother and Sisters of Saint Joseph's, who manage the Schools, and many lay patrons of the Academy, evinced much interest in the arrangements and proceedings.

Precisely at three o'clock in the afternoon, the children attending both of the church schools, parochial and select, were mustered at the Academy of St. Joseph, which is situated on the church grounds in South Third street, and communicates with the building itself, which fronts on Second street. The young ladies were all neatly dressed in white, and had their brows encircled with chaplets and crowns of rich flowers. Having formed in order, the word was given to "move forward," and immediately they went on with smiling and happy countenances, and elastic steps, to the school-room.

Here was erected a large platform, capable of seating about one hundred and fifty of the chief actors in the festival exercises, with the Superiores, her aids, the Rev. Clergy, and some prominent friends, whilst the remainder of the students and spectators were accommodated in other parts of the room.

As the girls ascended the platform and took their places in regular order, every one present admired their sweet and happy faces, and

acknowledged that occasional innocent amusement consorts well with the practices of good and holy lives. Many envied the childlike air so expressive of innocence, which was evidenced on every face, a marked index of that purity of mind and heart, which are so well preserved and guarded in those children by the unceasing care and solicitude of the good Sisters of Saint Joseph's, who devote their energies and their lives to this most important work.

PROGRAMME.

1. Duett—"Duke of York's March" Misses Murray and Shafer.
2. Chorus—"Gypsy's Dance" Misses Cassidy, McGuire, Cordellier and H. Hines.
3. "The Lottery of Frankfurt; or, The Occasion makes the Thief."
4. Felicité—Storekeeper of Mohran, a young lady who prides herself on her principle. Miss E. Hynes.
5. Perine—An old domestic, nurse to Felicité; having the goodness of experience. Miss Mary Cassidy.
6. Rosetta—A country girl, cousin to Felicité. Miss W. Allen.
7. Madame Godard D'Oberstadt—Trying to be very elegant and aristocratic. Miss H. Hale.
8. Amanda—Valuing maid to Madame Godard, remarkable for her impudence. Miss M. Hogan.
9. Madame Germain—A neighbor. Miss E. McGuire.
10. Charlotte, a niece of Madame Germain. Misses Curley and E. Murray.
11. Duoetto Alphonetto. Misses M. Murray and M. Coleman.
12. Song—"Bonny Doon." do. do. do.

When we say that the singing was excellent, and that the acting of the young ladies displayed much talent, we scarcely do justice to this part of the proceedings, but prefer this mode of expressing our opinion to a criticism rendered unnecessary by the ability so generally displayed.

PART SECOND.

1. Duett—"Bonny Doon." Misses Cordellier and Shafer.
2. Song—"A Country Home." do. do. do.
3. Opening Dialogue—"Flora." Miss Cordellier: "First Maiden." Miss E. Hynes; "Second Maiden." Miss M. Hogan.
4. Hungarian Waltz. Misses Farrell and Crumme.
5. Song—"The First Maid of Honor." Miss McDonagh.
6. Address by the First Maid of Honor. Miss McDonagh.
7. Duett—"Katy Darling." Misses Hogan and Shafer.
8. Reply of the Queen to the First Maid of Honor. Miss Mary Murray.
9. Song—"The Summer Days are Coming." School.
10. Address of the Second Maid of Honor. Miss E. Feilding.
11. Prima Donna Waltz. Miss Maria Cassidy.
12. Queen's reply to the Second Maid of Honor. Miss M. Murray.
13. Song—"The Farmer's Girl." Misses Shafer, E. Murray, Cassidy and Curley.
14. Address by the Third Maid of Honor. Misses M. Coleman.
15. "Dien a Bayaders." Misses Farrell.
16. Queen's reply to the Third Maid of Honor. Miss Murray.
17. "Medley." Misses Shafer, H. Hines and M. Cassidy.
18. "The Rivals." Spring. Miss Maria Cassidy; Summer. Miss E. McGuire; Autumn. Miss Mary Cassidy; Winter. Miss H. Hale.
19. Duett—"Miss Lieber Augustine." Misses J. Coleman and Harley.
20. Queen's reply to the Rivals. Misses Murray.
21. Song—"Twinkle Little Star." Infant Class.
22. Queen's "Proclamation." Misses Murray.

PART THIRD.

1. "Eldin Waltz." Miss M. Coleman.
2. Song—"Rose of Lucern." (in character.) Miss Sutton.
3. "Rosa Lee." Miss Farrell.
4. Song—"The Good News from Home." School.
5. "Bridget's Trial." School.
6. Bridget, Miss E. Murray; Mistress, Miss M. Gill.
7. Patrick's Day. Miss M. A. Crumme.
8. Conclusion—"Gathering of the Flowers." Rose. Miss Norris; Lily. Miss Colahan; "Honeysuckle." Miss McCaffrey; "Pink." Miss Curley; "Jasmine." Miss H. Hines; "Tulip." Miss Shafer; "Myrtle." Miss Gill; "Violet." Miss M. E. Crumme; "Noddy." Miss Farrell.
9. Song—"Flowers of May." School.
10. Song—"Red, White and Blue." Infant School.

The ceremony of the Crowning was gone through with great *clat*, and the youthful "Queen" supported herself both during and after the scene with much dignity and a right royal mein. The duets, dialogue, songs and waltzes were (as will be seen) selected with much care, and their execution reflected great credit on the performers, not forgetting our friends of the "Infant Class," who gave the "Red, White and Blue" with great gusto.

To the Superiores, with her aids, is due credit of the whole management of this happy entertainment. We conversed with many of the audience, and although the exercises lasted over two hours, they assured us, so delighted were they, that they would have tarried yet to witness a repetition.

The Sisters of St. Joseph are not three years established in the Diocese of Brooklyn. The commenced with three professed Sisters; they now number fourteen, and the Catholics who attend the Church of St. Peter and Paul are realizing the blessing of having such auxiliaries for the interest of morals, as well as to furnish their daughters with the opportunity of a finished Catholic education, without being under the necessity of sending them away from their paternal home.

It is probable that a repetition of the exercises will be asked for, both by the spectators who were present on Thursday last, and a number of friends who were unavoidably absent on that occasion. If so, we trust that the Reverend Mother and Sisters will be able—as we are certain they will be willing, to gratify the Catholics of Williamsburg, and their many dissenting friends, in this edifying manner.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY, Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will be fully informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention which they are entitled by their importance. Church dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve. Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous column reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported. The ability connected with the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

New York, Nov. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support."

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 871 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier.....\$3 00
Price per year served by mail.....2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more.....2 00
The regular subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$4, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers.....135 cents per line.
To yearly advertisers.....15 cents per line.
No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 871 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER), Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1859.

A TRULY CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

Our readers have already been made acquainted, through the columns of THE RECORD, with the Institution which was established in this city about nine years ago, under the title of St. Vincent's Hospital. They are also aware that it is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, and that, although a Catholic Institution, no distinction is made on account of the creed of those who apply for admission.

In addition to the many advantages which it possesses in the care and kind treatment the patients always receive at the hands of the good Sisters, it has another which should not be overlooked. We refer to the skillful and experienced physicians who constitute the Medical Board, and whose services and advice are rendered gratuitously. The Hospital is supported in part by the patients, partly by bequests and partly by donations. There are, however, a very considerable number of patients who are unable to pay and are therefore maintained by the Institution itself. Then again the charge to pay patients is so small that it is inadequate to defray even their own individual expenses. Under these circumstances, and to meet the constantly increasing demands on the charity of the good Sisters, an excellent plan has been devised, which we are sure will meet with the warm and hearty support of the benevolent, no matter to what religious denomination they may belong.

It has been proposed, with the view of affording more accommodations to the poor patients, that the friends and patrons of the Hospital should organize clubs, each consisting of twelve persons, and that every club thus formed should, by the payment of one hundred and twenty dollars a year, secure a free bed for that space of time. By these means each member of a club would be obliged to pay but ten dol-

lars a year, or something less than twenty cents a week, a sum so trifling as to place the opportunity of doing good within the reach of a large number. We feel certain that a plan so eminently practical must succeed, and we have no doubt that there are a large number of our fellow-citizens who require only to be informed of it to lend it their active and substantial support. There is one gentleman—Mr. George Hecker of this city—who has taken the initiative in the matter by securing a free bed. This he has done by the payment of the required amount himself, and without the secondary assistance of a club. We take pleasure in stating this fact, and in expressing the thanks of the good Sisters for the prompt and timely support which he has given to this really charitable enterprise. We trust that before three months shall have passed we will have the gratification of announcing the formation of several clubs, and that in the course of a year or two the means of the Hospital will be so far augmented as to render an addition to their present building a matter of absolute necessity.

We cannot better conclude this appeal than by republishing the following extract from the work of an English Protestant, who has made himself conversant with the objects and character of that Order under the charge of some of whose members St. Vincent's Hospital has been placed.

From bed to bed, on which the sick lie stretched, the Sister of Charity glides with quiet step on her errand of love and mercy. Here is the self-appointed task watch beside the couch of pain to cool the fevered brow, to present the ever-welcome cup to the parched lips, to adjust the pillows for the aching head, to soothe the perturbed and terror-stricken soul, and to close the glazed eyes of death. Patient, enduring, untiring and unselfish in her zeal, she is ready at every hour, by day or night, to respond to the call of suffering. Through noisome streets, through pestilential lanes, the abodes of poverty and vice, she takes her way, she climbs the ladder to the attic where the sufferer lies, or descending to the cellar's dampstained walls, she takes her seat on the cold floor, beside the bed of straw, on which lies the victim of starvation or disease. She braves contagion fearlessly and undauntedly in the discharge of her mission, she enters the haunts of crime, the prison cell and the beggar's lair; the hospital wards also know well the voice, the form of the Sister of Charity. Surely, no one can set more fully the heroic part, or deserve more richly the appellation of man, than she who, unincumbered by hopes of fame, of a place in history or verse, consecrates the flower of her youth, the prime of her life, to the relief of suffering humanity, and we, who reverence and applaud a Fry and a Nightingale, should not withhold our meed of praise from those whose acts are in harmony with the deeds which have conferred honor and renown on the names of our two noble countrywomen.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.—FACTS AND FICTIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The news which has come to hand from the seat of war in Italy is very meagre in detail and, thus far, of rather an unimportant character, although hundreds of columns of the newspaper press, both in London and New York, have been filled with reports on the subject indited in every city and village on the Continent. Indeed the actual known facts of the progress of the struggle to this day may be summed up under half a dozen of leading heads, in something like the following order: On the 26th of April the Austrian army, destined to act against Sardinia crossed the river Ticino, to the number of one hundred and sixty thousand men, under the command of General Gyulai; Napoleon the Third, as the ally of Sardinia, thought fit to look on this step as a declaration of war and replied to it by issuing a war manifesto against Austria which he transmitted to the French Legislature on the 5d of May; the French "Army of the Alps," which had been previously organized, crossed Mount Cenis and has arrived in great force at Genoa, and the other towns of Sardinia; on the 4th of May the first blood was shed in a skirmish between the Austrians and Sardinians, near Frassineto, which is situated opposite the junction of the Po and the Sesia, some few men having been killed and wounded on either side; the Austrians and French have not met yet in fight; Napoleon has left Paris and arrived in Aless-

sandria having assumed the chief command of the French army; owing to heavy inundations in the valley of the Po and in consequence of having to bivouack up to their knees in water, the Austrians have fallen back and concentrated near to Mortara and Novara, thus commencing a series of tactics slow in development but evidently deeply planned; England, Prussia, the German Confederation, Russia, the Pope's Government, Switzerland, and almost all the leading powers—with the exception of the three already named—are neutral for the present, and promise to remain so as long as political circumstances permit.

This is about all we know at the present moment of the progress of that mighty struggle in which Napoleon, if defeated, will lose an empire and royal throne; by which Francis Joseph, if worsted in the field, will be deprived of his provinces in Lombardy, and by means of which, it is most probable, the Sardinians will be deprived of whatever privileges they enjoy under their newly-acquired constitution, but which will certainly end in Count Cavour's being ejected from the multifarious cabinet and executive offices which he now holds. Our readers will act wisely in not giving a hasty credence to the many "alarming," "exciting" and "interesting" bulletins of bloody battles, victories and defeats, marches and counter-marches that will reach them during the next few months. All the stock-jobbers in the world have a direct interest in the propagation of canards likely to suit the ends of each for the moment; whilst the policy and prospects of all the powers engaged are hourly written up by men of every class of society, some of whom delight in initiating new theories, but the majority of whom know nothing at all of the subject matter in hand, but scribble away at random, on the principle of the undrilled recruit, that "a chance shot may happen to kill a great general," and so they may hit a fact.

We have already been told by such inspired personages of how the Holy Father had ordered "all the convents in Austria to lend money to the Emperor;" how His Holiness had told Gen. Guyon, commander of the French army in Rome, "that he would grant him no further concessions, and that—a most unlikely event—if he (the General) asked him (the Pope) to bring him a glass of water, he would refuse it;" "that the Pope was about to run away, but was actually a prisoner of the French;" "that Napoleon would fight a huge battle at Marengo," and that "the great war of race and progress against ancient customs and peoples, and of 'living civilizations' against old religions, had been just inaugurated." Such and a thousand like stories have been already circulated, and are commented on, particularly in the United States, with the greatest gravity, by editors who lack the honesty to assert their falsity, and who, generally for profit, dress them up in the belief that "sufficient for the day is the sensation thereof."

Everybody knows how reserved the Austrians are on government affairs generally, and in this case no intelligence as to the movements of the army will be made public except of events which have actually occurred. It has been so announced officially. Sardinia will not permit any newspaper correspondent or news telegraph operator to be with her army, and we have no evidence to show that Napoleon will be more liberal to the press during such a time of convulsion than he has been during peace. He has, it is true, attached a reporter to his staff, but the man will act not more in the capacity of a military historian and sensation bulletin writer than that of a medium of correct news. He will refer the French conscripts to the memory of Marengo, Wagram, Lodi, and other victories obtained over the Austrians, but the defeats of their

fathers by the Austrian troops in 1799 will never be mentioned.

New combinations in military science mark the progress of the age. Baron Hess, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army, enjoys the reputation of being one of the ablest and most original tacticians in Europe; and General Gyulai and his other associates are well known in the field, and to no troops better than they are to the Sardinians. Napoleon has his Canrobert, McMahon, Forey, Pelliissier, and other officers of the highest order of merit, trained in every mode of warfare likely to ensure triumph, from that prevalent on the plains of Algeria to that pursued in the rifle pits and at the Malakoff in the Crimea. Such is the strength of the contending armies now in Sardinia that over one hundred thousand men could be moved at any moment with effect on an area of a little over forty miles in extent, but until the true sound of the first clash of arms between the French and Austrians is wafted over the ocean, people should eschew the news manufactured by financiers in Europe and relished for interested purposes here.

Notwithstanding the long tales of the new-fangled theory men, perhaps the war will not be of long duration, and things may go on in pretty much the same course when it is ended as they had observed before it commenced.

Since writing the above we have received later news, dated to the 18th of May, by the New York and Hammonia, but it does not materially alter the aspect of affairs. We find, however, that Sardinia has completely surrendered her liberties into the hands of the King, who now rules as a military dictator. Tuscany has also proclaimed that her people could not govern themselves, for, after driving away the Archduke, the Provisional Government of the Duchy has handed over the executive power to Victor Emanuel, who governs them by a commission of his own appointment. This is all the progress made thus far in giving "Liberty to the Italians," and it appears to be progress made in the wrong direction, or the people taking "the back track." Napoleon was at Alessandria, and his troops were sick from incautiously drinking the wines and eating the fruits of Italy.

England refused to acknowledge the new Tuscan Government, either as "Provisional" or dragged by Cavour and his master. Prussia has officially, by the lips of the Prince Regent, proclaimed her determination to maintain the "balance of power in Europe," and all Germany was convulsed with war excitement and an increasing hatred of French interference.

We also find that the army of Paris is now much stronger than before Napoleon left the city.

Such are the nett results to the "Peoples" of the great war for Italian freedom.

POLITICAL SERFDOM OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Flippant letter writers and speculative book-makers have of late years, when on or after a return from a hasty tour in Europe, inundated the press, both daily and periodical, with specious and high-sounding diatribes on the vast amount of political liberty which the English people enjoy, and the manly and unfettered manner in which they exercise what political franchises they actually possess. Such phrases as "Anglo-Saxon election pluck," "free and unconstrained voting," "no priestly or other direction for John Bull," "John knows his rights and maintains them," have been almost stereotyped for the readers. Indeed, the condition of the Englishman with respect to his political privileges and their consequences, has been very lately theorized into an *animato*—if we are permitted the expression—fact, as it has been said

that in consequence of his independent assertion of principle, he has long ago attained a degree of civilization which may be called "living," when contrasted with that of his neighbors across the channel.

Calm observation and unprejudiced reflection have long since convinced us that such reports are either actually untrue or made in entire ignorance of the facts as exhibited, and that the new theory and all its probable issues are fallacious in the same measure. In proof of this we mean to assert that the Anglo-Saxon mind, *per se*, as it prevails in the large agricultural districts and shires of England, is, generally speaking, incapable of forming an opinion on the political subjects which so frequently agitate that country, and that if, in some instances, such opinion is formed, the pure Anglo-Saxon, long debased by feudal conquest, landlord oppression, and the dictation of party leaders, is afraid to give expression to it by an independent vote at the hustings. Thus we see that Parliament after Parliament the representatives of the great shires are the same men, in almost every instance, and sit nearly always as the non-entities of either some influential landed proprietor, or some landless but aristocratic family more powerful than himself.

It is true that in the great agitations and political contests which preceded Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill and Free Trade questions, English voters resident in the cities and manufacturing towns exerted themselves nobly in the assertion of franchise rights and popular progress, but our readers will recollect that an immense portion, if not the majority of these men, were natives of Ireland, Scotland or Wales, who had resided in the country long enough to earn the borough franchise property, or the descendants of such families, full of Celtic manliness and untainted by "Anglo-Saxon" blood. During the emancipation struggle the Anglo-Saxon voters in the country districts opposed the measure universally on religious grounds, and would have willingly fought with musket and bayonet against "Papal Influence," had the Duke of Wellington only pointed his finger in the direction of an Irish war; but, as we have seen, whenever the Duke told the King, and the King assured his "Anglo-Saxons" that the measure was necessary and "all right," the growl of the "British lion" was instantly hushed, and O'Connell and all his supporters went about legislating for John, as if they belonged to the same race and faith. The first Reform Bill was carried by a Cabinet dictation exactly similar; and the "indignant farmers" of Bucks, Leicestershire, Yorkshire, and other places of an agricultural and "Anglo-Saxon" character, laid aside their opposition to "Free Trade" the very moment Sir Robert Peel told them that it must be voted, and thus Peel, the embodiment of the mechanical interests, secured a supply of cheap food for the Celtic and other workmen, at the expense of the representatives of "civilization," who had not knowledge sufficient to see the nature of the movement, nor honesty enough to oppose it, when told not to do so by those in power.

The late general election in England afforded daily evidence of the unblushing assumption with which the English landlords tell their tenants how to vote, and of the covert threats which they hold out to these Anglo-Saxon tools, provided they disobey their commands. Circulars, written or printed, were issued by all the large landed proprietors to these tenants, who having only a yearly interest in the land, knew very well what was in store for them, provided they disobeyed, and who, almost all over the counties, at once placed their opinions one side and voted with that political docility which long direction has imbued

them with. The richest ukase of this sort reached us in our late files from Europe. It is the dictation of a lady, and signed with great pomp by this Czarina of feudalism. Every point of the *in terrorem* policy which we have referred to will be found embodied in the paper which was sent to every elector on the lady's estate in Berwickshire, which, although a Scotch border county, is now inhabited principally by English farmers, who drove out the original inhabitants. It reads:

INVERESK, Musselburgh, April 15, 1856.

Dear Sir, I have often regretted that I should have been precluded by ill health from forming a personal acquaintance with the tenantry on my paternal estate. With regard to the two candidates who are soliciting your suffrages, I have no hesitation in saying that I wish all success to my friend Sir John Marjoribanks, and it pleases me very much to learn that the majority of your number have promised him your support, and that several of you are now canvassing in his behalf. There are, however, I understand, some who have not yet declared themselves, and some who have declared that they do not mean to vote. If their reasons for this are that they do not wish to put themselves in opposition to the majority of their own body, as well as to their landlord and landlady, I have only to thank them for their for their good and kindly feeling, but if they are abstaining from mere indifference or from any intention, I must express a hope that, bearing in mind the importance of this contest, they will come manfully forward with the rest of the tenantry. My husband and I wish and believe that no one on our estates will vote against his convictions, but if there should unfortunately be any who cannot conscientiously agree to join us and the rest of the tenantry, I fondly trust, and ask it as a favor, that they will at all events abstain from taking any active part in opposition. As I am unable to hold a pen, I employ my son as my amanuensis.

JEAN MILNE HOME.

Mrs. Jean Milne Home thus acknowledges that some of her tenantry are divided in opinion on the merits of the candidates, but the dissenters are—so it is pretty plainly expressed—to put their very minds in abeyance at the wish of a lady they have never seen, and if they do not vote with her, *disfranchise themselves in toto*. She quietly tells them that her husband and son—the heir apparent, likely—approve of the ukase, and knowing what they may expect in case of disobedience, there is no doubt but it was obeyed to the letter by these worshippers of feudalism, as personified by the authoress of the letter.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FRANCE.— VITALITY OF THE LATINO-CELTIC RACE.

Napoleon the Third lately ordered the formation of a government commission which he would empower and instruct to draw up an accurate map of ancient France, or Gaul, in the time of Cesar. Our last advices from Paris inform us that the Minister of Public Instruction had just presented a report to his Majesty, stating that the members of the Board had been actively employed on the work and hoped to submit it, quite complete, to the government very soon.

That zeal for the public service which distinguishes the officials of France in the discharge of their duties, and that ardent love of the beautiful in art which is natural to all her people, have induced the gentleman employed in this case to carry out the Emperor's order to the fullest extent. They tell him that they have decided on making three separate maps, to represent the country at three various and very important periods. Of these, the first will show what Celtic Gaul was to the time when Cesar ended his conquest; the second will show the country as it was under the Roman rule; and the third will exhibit it during the Merovingian period, the time which elapsed from the founding of the monarchy by Clovis, in the sixth century, to the termination of the rule of the kings of that race at the end of the reign of Childeric the Third in the year 752. All the Druidical monuments will appear on the first map; the Roman roads, towns, villages and camps on the second; whilst the third will give the modern names corresponding to the different localities.

If the perfecting of this splendid idea of the Emperor should not be delayed by the

progress of the mighty continental war on which he has entered, there is no doubt but that the maps will soon be made public, and in what powerful contrast will not France appear, ethnologically and territorially, when compared with most of the surrounding nations of Europe. Taking the mind back to the period first referred to, it will be seen that no invasion however fierce, no conquest however severe, no rule however tyrannical, or no dynasty however powerful or extensive in its alliances, have been able to destroy and obliterate the Celtic element of vitality which always pervaded her people and afforded her that universal popular buoyancy which ensured her national recuperation.

Continuing the review of the history of France from the Merovingian era spoken of down to the beginning of the year 1859, we become more and more convinced of the actual indestructibility, as a race, of the Latino-Celtic people, who now number over thirty millions on her soil. Exposed during these centuries to the influences of every sort of politicians that could be named, and ruled over by every description of government—Courts of monarchs, Conclaves of the Directory, the Consul and First Consul, the Life Consulate, the Empire, the Restored Monarchy, the Republic, the Provisional Government, the President, and the Emperor (Third)—we find the French people now one and undivided, homogeneous, united, and in the active profession of their old faith, whilst permitting a wholesome toleration to all who differ with them in doctrine.

France has been exposed, we may safely assert, to more insidious foreign intrigue, and to more desperate secret machinations, undertaken by her enemies with the design of plunging her again into anarchy and social disorders. Since the accession of Napoleon the Third to the throne in 1851, than at any time before numbering double the same amount of years. England, under the guise of diplomatic friendship, has persistently wished for, if not plotted, his overthrow, and the Red Republicans, encouraged by the sympathy they met with in London, and their own wild wishes for revolution, have actually attempted his life, yet France has bounded forward in the path of material progress with an energy which has astonished her enemies, and again attested the great mental energy of her people.

Statistical reports show that during the ten years which elapsed from 1837 to 1847, when governed by Louis Philippe, the commercial ally of Great Britain, the official value of her imports and exports increased two hundred and nine millions five hundred thousand dollars, while during the subsequent ten years, from 1848 to 1858, during the Presidential term and royal rule of Louis Napoleon, they have increased three hundred and ninety-five millions seven hundred thousand dollars, an advance of seventy-five per cent. The length of railroads actually made in France in 1847, was one thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and the gross cash receipts came to twelve millions seven hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and forty dollars, but we find that in 1857 she had four thousand six hundred and sixty-two miles of railroad open, and the receipts amounted to sixty-two millions two hundred and ten thousand dollars. When reflecting on these figures, our readers will bear in mind that during the last named ten years the people of France were visited with two deficient harvests, the Crimean war calls, the most devastating inundations in the provinces, and the effects of some very severe epidemics.

Having, however, enjoyed internal peace under the rule of a man acquainted with her wants, her feelings, and her capabili-

ties, and personally informed on the systems of government conspiracies hatched against her by some so-called friendly powers, we find the French Celts advancing daily in actual wealth and to a political position perfectly overshadowing, when placed side by side with that of her enemies. These facts should tend to dispel forever the idea that all the millions of the French people are affected by the same desire for restless change which generally prevails in Paris, the population of that city being made up, in a good measure, of the most flighty-headed of her own sons, mixed up, and to a great extent influenced by the presence of hundreds of thousands of bankrupt, worthless, characterless and designing speculators, gamblers and politicians, collected by voluntary and involuntary exile from every quarter of the Old and New World.

The millions of French who live in the rural districts, exhibit daily evidence of possessing every shade of nobility of heart and every trait of social decorum. Having no poor law or poor-house to fall back on in poverty, sickness or old age, they are frugal, saving and temperate during their younger days, so that when visited by Providence with any of the real ills of humanity, they can with confidence claim the benefit of the exercise of that fine charity which stands there in place of the degrading system of the British parish bawling, in which the free born native is imprisoned for what is classed as a crime—poverty. Industrious toiling on his acre or quarter acre of land, the small landed proprietors of France work hard all the year, taking occasional enjoyment on the holidays approved by the Church. Living on bread, cheese, water and very light wines, the farmer rises refreshed and cool, and goes carolling to his work at daybreak, returning at night to his family quite satisfied if he has added a franc to the dower of his beloved daughter, perhaps the "May Queen" of the parish. He has no intrigue, and knows no politics except an adoration of his country, "right or wrong."

It is from this class, not from the denizens and politicians of Paris, that the Emperor drew that army, which, commanded by the Hiberno-Frank, General McMahon, planted his eagle on the top of the Malakoff at the moment when the red cross of England was hauled down and carried in retreat from the Redan; and from the same source he has now been furnished with those six hundred thousand patriotic, valiant and high-souled men at whose head he has determined to try his fortune in war. Let the reader think of this subject in its true light, and we imagine that, if not previously convinced of it, he will come to the opinion that as a people the French Celts are indestructible whilst they remain united.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.—THE HARVEST AND BUSINESS.—There never was so much business activity in the city as at the present time. Some account for this by the European war, and others by the abundant harvest which we are promised. To whatever cause it may be attributed, it is a fact that all the departments of business have received a great impulse. The advertising columns of *The Record* afford the strongest evidence of this. Although we have fairly entered the summer season, we have experienced no falling off in this part of our business. This certainly is a pretty correct indication of the increase of trade, and promises well for the Fall prospects.

We would call the attention of our readers to the interesting reports of religious ceremonies which took place in our metropolis during the past week, and the account of which will repay perusal.

May Festival at St. Patrick's Female School.

We were much pleased on Friday by a visit which we paid to this interesting institution. As the month of May is in an especial manner dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and observed in all the churches, it is usual to mark this hallowed season by a festival amongst the schools of the city. At 3 o'clock the children, all dressed in their holiday finery, assembled in the school room. Several of their parents and friends were also present. A procession of the children was formed, headed by Miss Alice Daly, who had been elected the May Queen, and her attendants, carrying a banner of the Blessed Virgin. When they arrived before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been placed on an altar prepared for the occasion, they proceeded to adorn it with a beautiful crown. The following exercises were then gone through:

Music.
Entrée.....Kyrle Ellison
Queen and Maids of Honor.....Address
Ave Maria....."O, Sanctissima."
Address....."On this day, O Mother."
Apoteosis....."O Virgin, dearest Mary."
Finale....."In the Spring," &c.

All then retired, and the Queen of May once more entered, and was escorted to a throne which had been placed in an alcove. When surrounded with her attendants and her subjects, the children of the school assembled and made the following presentations to her:

FESTIVAL OF ROSES.

Presentation of Garland.....C. Hagan.
.....Crowd.....M. Eggleston.
.....Sceptre.....C. Barry.
.....Cup.....C. McGerrie.

Then came the language of flowers, each girl presenting her with some appropriate flowers, making a little speech, which was simply and unaffectedly responded to by the Queen, in the following order:

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Rox and Balm.....Alice McCahee.
Rose Geranium.....C. O'Keefe.
Lilly Cedar.....A. Doodly.
Passion Flower.....L. Dorsey.
Daisy Rose.....C. Barton.

Grand March.

The children once more returned, when the Very Rev. William Starrs, V. G., addressed a few appropriate remarks to them. He spoke of the happy occasion on which they assembled, and also of the devotion which it recalled to their minds. He alluded to the creditable manner in which the exercises had been performed, and to the blessings which the memory of these little festivals would produce in days yet to come.

All separated well pleased with the treat which had been afforded to them, and sensible of the credit which this institution reflects upon the Sisters of Charity, to whose care the education of the children is intrusted.

Confirmations in the Diocese of New York.

At the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the distinguished Bishop of Puebla administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the following places:

On Sunday the 22nd ult. in the chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. Twenty-four of the pupils of the Academy were confirmed.

On Thursday, the 26th ult., he confirmed about four hundred persons at the church of St. Francis Xavier.

On Sunday, the 29th ult., he confirmed in the morning at the church of St. Vincent de Paul fifty-four persons, and in the afternoon of the same day the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to two hundred persons in the church of St. Nicholas in Second street.

The whole number of persons confirmed was about six hundred and eighty.

As the scenes presented in all the churches during the administration of the Sacrament differed in no material respect we will therefore describe but one, which may be taken as a fair illustration of all.

The largest number of persons confirmed was in the church of St. Francis Xavier, the Sacrament having been administered as stated on Thursday the 27th ult. The officiating prelate, as our readers have been already informed, was the Bishop of Puebla, whose constancy in maintaining the cause of justice has occasioned his separation from his See. The imposing ceremonies of the day attracted a great number of the faithful, the children with the adults who were admitted for the first time to partake of the graces given, filled the centre of the church. Their neat, modest dresses, threw around the whole a certain charm, emblematic of Catholic piety and faith. Mass commenced at 7 o'clock, at which Rev.

Mr. Driscoll, Pastor, addressed the children in words calculated to impress on them the greatness of the actions they were about to perform, and the holiness of life they should henceforth preserve. Now invited to Christ himself, partaking of his life-giving body and blood, they would never think of introducing sin into their hearts. The becoming manner in which the children presented themselves at the altar to receive the Holy Eucharist showed how well they felt the truths explained to them. After Mass the Right Rev. Bishop entered, attended by the Reverend gentlemen attached to the church. Robed in the Episcopal dress peculiar to the ceremonies, he took the seat assigned him on the platform of the altar. As the Right Reverend Bishop is not conversant with our language, the Reverend Pastor again addressed the children, explaining to them the nature of the Sacrament of Confirmation and its effects. The Right Rev. Prelate then administered the Sacrament.

Recent Decrees of the Congregation of Rites.

We publish the following recent decrees of the Congregation of Rites for the benefit of our clerical readers:

DUBIA.

I. An parochus qui duas parochias regit, et ideo bis in die celebrat, utroque parochias suam missam applicare tenetur, non obstante reductum exiguitate in casu etc.

II. An parochus qui una in eademque parochia bis eadem die celebrat, utramque missam populo sibi commissio gratis applicare omnino tenetur in casu etc.

III. An vicarii aut alii sacerdos curam animarum non habentes, si quando bis in die celebrat, ut fit quoadque, seu ut numero assidue missae in ecclesia parochiali celebrant, seu ut hospitalia, carceres, sanctorum conventus missa non carant, secundum ad ipsi missam populo gratis applicare tenentur in casu etc.

Et quatenus affirmative ad II, III et III.

IV. An et quomodo concedendum sit parochis qui diebus dominicis aliisque festis bis celebrant, ut unus missam liberam habeant applicationem et stipendium pro ea recipere valeant in casu etc.

V. An et quomodo idem concedendum sit sacerdotibus curam animarum non habentibus quoad utramque missam in casu etc.

VI. An et quomodo concedenda sit absolutio quoad praeteritum in casu etc.

Die 25 septembris 1858 S. Congregatio ad supradicta dubia respondit:

Ad primum: Affirmative.

Ad secundum: Negative, firma prohibitionis recipiendi eleosynan pro secunda missa.

Ad tertium: Negative, quatenus curam animarum non habent, firma semper prohibitionis recipiendi eleosynan pro secunda missa.

Ad quartum: Negative, et episcopus providendi ad formam constitutionis Benedicti XIV., Cum Semper oblatas § 8.

Ad quintum: Promissum in tercio.

Ad sextum: Celebrata unica missa ab utroque, affirmative, facto verbo cum SSmo.

Departure of Mr. William Smith O'Brien.

ADDRESS OF THE MILITARY AND REPLY OF MR. O'BRIEN.

William Smith O'Brien, after a hurried visit of a few months, left America by the Vico, which sailed from this port on Saturday last, and was accompanied by a host of friends down the bay. It having been determined that a procession should be formed to escort Mr. O'Brien to the steamer, the military were early under arms, and the civic companies marshalled in line, while the air resounded to the strains of martial music. It was just the day for a procession, bright, beautiful and breezy, and crowds thronged the houses and sidewalks along the entire route. Broadway, the great rallying point, looked on such occasions all steps are directed, looked like a pleasant programme, with its groups of gaily-dressed ladies on the balconies and in the windows, and its crowds of spectators lining the sidewalks, and pressing out beyond the curb-stone, like a too affluent river overflowing its banks. A committee, consisting of John Mitchell, T. F. Meagher, Dr. Anderson and ex-Judge O'Connor, waited on Mr. O'Brien at the residence of Peter Townsend, Esq., Fifth avenue, and accompanied him to the residence of Thomas E. Davies, Esq., Union Square, from which place the procession started. A number of Mr. O'Brien's friends were assembled to bid him farewell. Mayor Tiemann, Judge Russell, Mayor Lincoln

of Boston, Judge Clarke, Auguste Belmont, Collector Schell, Judge Roosevelt, E. Gorman, P. Lynch and William S. Cole of the Irish American. Mr. O'Brien was presented with a cane of Mount Vernon hickory, elegantly mounted with gold, by Mr. Patrick Ford, the President of the Meagher Club, for which he briefly and eloquently returned thanks. The military, consisting of Company F, Fourth Artillery, Capt. McMahon; the Sixty-ninth Regiment, (National Cadets), Col. James R. Ryan, accompanied by Doddworth's Band; Montgomery Troop of the First Cavalry, Capt. Minton; Brigade Lancers, Capt. B. Kelly; City Horse Guards, Lieut. Greene, commanding—drew up in front of Mr. Davies' house to await the action of the Committee of Arrangements. As soon as the military arrived Capt. McMahon's company fired a salute of thirty-four rounds. A delegation of the representatives of the various military and civic societies, lead by Police Justice Connolly and Col. Ryan, waited on Mr. O'Brien for the purpose of presenting him a farewell address. As the delegation entered the house Doddworth's Band played a melody of Irish musical airs. After the committee were confronted with Mr. O'Brien, Col. Ryan addressed him as follows:

As citizen-soldiers, Sir, and civic bodies, we appear to-day before you, to deliver an address to you on your departure for your native land. I regret that some more able hand than be selected to deliver the address to you by your countrymen, I have thought with great reluctance as to their spokesmen on this occasion. As time, Sir, is short, I will detain you no longer, but will now perform the pleasant duty which has been imposed upon me.

The Colonel now read the address as follows:

Sir: We cannot permit you to leave the shores of this, our adopted country, without adding another to the many evidences you have received during your stay among us, of the respect and esteem entertained for you by all American citizens, whether they were born under an Irish sky or on American soil. We have watched your career through every change of fortune, with an intensity of feeling which only those who know you are able to appreciate the object to the accomplishment of which your best and noblest efforts were devoted. We have all seen an illustration in your case how a brave man, acting from unselfish motives, and actuated by the noble desire of serving his country, can, when called upon to do so, sacrifice his dearest earthly interests to the great purpose of the freedom and prosperity of his native land. It is, Sir, only such qualities that constitute the true patriot, and whether struggling for the realization of his fondest hopes, or in the midst of the difficulties and of more peacefully working out the grand problem in the promotion of his country's industry, the development of her material resources, and the substantial and active encouragement of her commerce, he is entitled to the deepest sympathy of all who love freedom and independence and who would not restrict his blessings by the narrow limits of a single nation. We are not of those who would linger on a past of unrealized hopes, and we know from the unwearied energy with which you have again entered upon the work of Ireland's regeneration that he who, though young and inexperienced, has not discouraged you from prosecuting in another way the task of improving the condition of that old land which possesses our undying love.

This, Sir, is emphatically the age of material progress, and that country which would not fall into the rear in the grand onward march of nations, must enter the contest with a strong arm and industry. And who believes that there is not a brighter day dawning for Ireland? What Irishman is there, who, looking at the first efforts of his native land, has not made it his boast to himself among the commercial countries of the earth—that Irishman is there, we repeat, who does not feel a just and manly pride in the success that has thus far attended Ireland's first efforts to develop her own resources, and to build up a Commerce that must eventually result in national independence?

Knowing, Sir, how true and unselfish are the feelings of patriotism by which you have ever been actuated, we shall watch your future career with unabated interest, for although the great ocean divides us, we have no divided opinions or thoughts in relating that which concerns the land which we must always love with unswerving devotion.

Wishing you a safe and prosperous voyage, and on your arrival on our native shores the warm welcome which only one's kindred and friends can give, we bid you God speed in your noble endeavors to bring back that prosperity to our native land which has been so long wanting, and which is inseparably connected with her future position as a free and independent nation.

Mr. O'Brien responded to the address by saying that when he landed in America, it was his pleasing duty to offer to the people his thanks for the sympathy felt for him when an exile. It was now his most pleasing duty to return thanks for the cordial welcome he had received from all classes of citizens in America. He had travelled nearly seven thousand miles without a single incident that hurt his feelings. He had been received with fraternal feelings, both by his own countrymen and native born citizens. He had labored in his address to speak of what Ireland would be, had she the power of self-government; when a despot came forward and said that Ireland should belong to the future. The day was not far distant when it might be said that Ireland should belong to the Irish. The speaker then alluded to the discussions among the Irish, and condemned them as unbecoming to the Irish. He spoke in a very flattering manner of our educational

system, and its immense benefit to Irish children, and none, he said, felt more gratified at such a result than the Americans themselves. He had been accused of uttering sentiments upon the political policy of this country. This he denied, but at the same time he asserted the right of a foreigner to express such opinions if he chose, and he did not believe that the public sentiment of this country would condemn him for so doing. He reminded his audience that one of the most useful books written upon this country was written by De Tocqueville, a foreigner. But the question upon which he had expressed his views, was one which interested every Irishman and every foreigner, of whatever country they might be. It was a question whether the emigrant should be regarded as a citizen of the country, or whether the limits of the constitution, or whether he should be subjected to proscription. Since his unfortunate and starving fellow countrymen, years ago, landed in this country, and were received with open arms and generous hands, he had felt to sentiment towards this country but a sentiment of the deepest gratitude, until he saw the programme of the Know Nothings. He believed the policy that party adopted was at variance with the opinions of the mass of the American people. The American people were ready to receive Irishmen upon terms of political equality, within the limits of the Constitution. For his part he would not live in a country where he could not feel himself an equal with every man in it. He believed that the Irish were as useful any class in this country. He had heard that one objection to them was that they voted sometimes where they had no legal right to vote; and this was an abuse, and the Irish were as useful any class in this country. He hoped, however, that this countrymen would not be too anxious for office, and should prefer not to see a single Irishman in office merely as a place holder. He was grateful to the citizens of the United States for the respect and esteem which he had been. He was not vain enough to suppose it was a personal compliment; but he should hold it up to young men as evidence that when they earnestly strive for good and benefit their country, however he may fall short of his country, he will receive the respect and gratitude to which his efforts entitle him. In conclusion, he hoped to see the day when the Irish would live and serve the people, and remarked that however much they might be run down, their efforts to serve mankind would be reciprocated.

When he concluded, the procession was formed, the civic societies in front and followed by Mr. O'Brien's carriage, drawn by six horses whose heads were adorned with plumes of red and white feathers and the military brought up the rear. Having arrived at the Battery, where the enthusiasm reached its culminating point, they stepped on board the Oliver M. Petit, chartered to convey them on board the Vico.

Captain James B. Kirker and Captain Bagley, of the Sixty-ninth, occupied seats in the carriage with Mr. O'Brien.

Among those on board were John Mitchell, T. F. Meagher, Dr. Antisl, of Washington, Captain Beach, of the city of Baltimore, Judge O'Connor, Captain W. F. Lyons, Messrs. R. Lalor, Malcolm, Campbell, J. B. Fogarty, John Kavanah, Scott, J. Stewart, of the firm of J. and J. Stewart, Dr. Cochrane and other friends of Mr. O'Brien, together with a large number of ladies. The Smith O'Brien Columbia Rifles, of Orange, New Jersey, commanded by Captain Murphy and Lieutenants Nevill and Murphy, and accompanied by Rutan's band, from Newark, attended as an escort. Colonel Baldwin, of the 1st Regiment New Jersey State Militia, and Quartermaster Tichenor, of Orange, were also present. The Rifles came expressly from Orange for the purpose, they being the only regularly organized company in the United States bearing the name of Smith O'Brien. Among them were Col. Ryan, of the Sixty-ninth, Captains Kirker, Murphy, Minton and a crowd of officers in brilliant uniforms, besides the Marshalls of the procession, Judge Connolly, Mr. John Hennessey and Mr. Sanford, Messrs. W. E. Robinson, W. L. Cole and other gentlemen.

A number of vessels accompanied the Vico down the bay, the air resounded with music and the shores reverberated with the roar of artillery. The stars and stripes and the Irish flag flung out their folds together, the bands played Home, Sweet Home, and other appropriate airs, and amid deafening cheers, the Vico sped on her homeward way.

AIR AS A STIMULANT.—The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well known, and every one has felt the invigorating influence of fresh air, yet no practical application has been made of these beneficial properties of a substance so cheap and universal. When the body is weak, the brain fatigued, and the whole system in a state of lassitude, just go into the open air, take a few vigorous inspirations and expirations, and the effect will be instantly perceived. The individual trying the experiment will feel invigorated and stimulated, the blood will course with freshness, the lungs will work with increased energy, the whole frame will feel revived, and nature's stimulant will be found the best.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

No Engagement Yet between the French and Austrians.

NAPOLEON IN SARDINIA.

MOVEMENTS OF THE AUSTRIAN FORCES.

By the steamship *Hammonia*, which left Southampton on the 19th, and the Hungarian from Liverpool on the 18th ult., we have the following intelligence, from which it will be seen that little change has taken place in the attitude of the hostile forces since our last publication.

IRELAND.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN LIMERICK.—SLAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE BY THE POLICE.—The election in Limerick has had a most fatal termination. The subjoined particulars were furnished by an eye-witness to *The Tipperary Examiner*:

"About half-past 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the election Major Gavin, with several of his friends, on cars, and an immense multitude of people, moved from the court house down Mary street, and passed over Ball's Bridge, up John street. The procession had passed the house of a Mr. Gamble in that street, when a row took place in front of the house, some of the windows of which were broken, and the people shouted that missiles had been thrown at them from Gamble's house. This row was readily quelled, and for nearly an hour the Irish town was quiet. A little before six o'clock, Major Gavin, followed by an immense concourse of people, returned down through Mungret street, and again passed down John's street, towards Ball's bridge. As the Major passed Gamble's, stones were thrown at it; very soon after the mob in the Irish town made another violent attack on the house, and stones were thrown in all directions. A small party of police, under Sub-inspector Milling, from Kilfinan, with Doctor Goffe, J.P., succeeded in driving a large body of the mob up the Irish town, and the men were drawn up across the street, to prevent any more people from joining the party who had attacked Gamble's house. About this time the police on duty in John's square, under Sub-inspector O'Reilly, and commanded by Mr. Bell, S.M., of Castleconnell, joined the party stationed across, opposite Mr. William Sheehy's house, corner of Mungret street. Almost immediately after this another attack was made by the mob, near Ball's bridge, on Gamble's house, and the upper part of the street was nearly cleared, owing to the quantity of stones thrown. Amid a scene of excitement Mr. Bell ordered the party under Sub-inspector O'Reilly to charge down the street to the scene of attack, which they did; it is alleged stones were then freely thrown from all directions at the police, but others say such was not the fact. As Mr. Bell and his party approached near Gamble's house the attack was at its height; Mr. Bell read the riot act, called on the people to disperse, but failing to quell the riot, he gave the fatal order to 'fire!' and it soon became known that a man was shot in the vicinity of Ball's bridge. As this tragic scene was going on between Gamble's house and Ball's bridge, the people in the upper streets, and the police back by the party of police under Sub-inspector Milling, and Dr. Goffe, became greatly excited, and endeavored to force their way down to the scene of firing, but the police formed double file across the road, and prevented them. The consternation became great when it was ascertained that five others had been badly wounded, and one of them dangerously, without any hopes of recovery. After the firing was over, Mr. Bell and his party moved on to Ball's bridge, where they were joined by a stronger force. The party at the top of the street, under Dr. Goffe and Sub-inspector Milling, all through kept in position undisturbed, and in a short time an additional police force joined it, under Sub-inspector McLeod. The Mayor, Rev. William Bourke and Father Matt O'Connor soon after entered the street, and used all possible exertion to disperse the people, in which they succeeded.

This sad occurrence spread dismay through the city, and thousands congregated before Barrington's Hospital, where the killed and wounded were removed. A man named Patrick Grace was shot dead; a second, named Clohesy, was mortally wounded in the chest, and died next day; another, named McNamara, was a dangerous gun shot wound in the left thigh; John O'Brien was wounded by a ball which entered below the left eye and lodged in the neck; John Gracer received a ball in the shoulder, but not serious. Eighty pounds have been collected for the families of the sufferers.

NEW "GHOAST" STEAMERS FOR THE GALWAY LINE.—The age of skepticism (says The

Galway Vindicator) is not yet over in Galway. A few antediluvian doubters yet continue to shake their sapient noddles, to disbelieve in the Packet Station, and to set down the subsidy as a mere myth. The crossing and re-crossing of the Atlantic by the Lever steamers, is to them a sort of misty dream, not a substantial reality. And if you seek to impress on their muddled brains that the project is a success of the first water, they whinically reply—it ought not to have been a success, for were they not prophets and oracles who vaticinated against setting on foot such a mad speculation!

In like manner, they refuse to credit the announcement of new steamers being built in Hall for this route, which are to be every way up to the mark for speed and punctuality. The Atlantic Company have entered into a contract with the Admiralty and Post-Office to do a certain work for a certain consideration. Of course without adequate machinery they could not fulfil that contract. Therefore, as a matter of necessity, as well as of profit and permanence to their undertaking, new and fast steamers should be produced; and we append the announcement to that effect from The Hull Advertiser of Saturday, not because we want to convince the Rip Van Winkles of Galway, but because we wish to give pleasure to the friends of the line and the commercial community who are so deeply interested in the communication between the West of Ireland and the United States:

"Messrs. Samuelson are already making preparations for laying down the two gigantic steamers intended to run from Galway to America. And these will employ an immense amount of labor. It may not be generally known that Hull is at this moment reaping benefit from the Galway line. The fine steamer *Cumberland* is at present on Messrs. Harrison & Lawrence's patent slip, Wellington street, and is undergoing a thorough refit under the superintendence of the Messrs. Samuelson. We may also mention that these gentlemen have been selected to build a vessel for the East Indian Government, which is to be taken out in pieces to her destination. These are flattering prospects for Hull."

Thomas Meagher, Esq., ex-M.P. for the city, delivered an able lecture on "The Influence of Catholicism on Civilization," at the rooms of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Trinity within, and Saint John's. The attendance was numerous. Among others we noticed the Rev. Messrs. Nolan, English, Doran, and Ryan; the officers of the society, and several respectable citizens. All present seemed much pleased with the honorable gentleman's able address, calculated as it was to show how little dependence can be placed on the statements so constantly put forth in Protestant literature, that Catholicism is opposed to civilization. At the conclusion of the address the Rev. Mr. English was moved to the chair, and the President, Mr. A. P. Maher, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by Mr. John Phelan, and passed unanimously. [Waterford News.]

FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE CURRAGE.—While a firing party of the Fourteenth regiment, under the command of an officer, was shooting at a target, a private soldier, who was acting as a "buttsman," was accidentally shot dead, in consequence, it is said, of the neglect of the party in command. The duty of the deceased was to ascertain where the several balls hit the target; and when so engaged it was the duty of the officer to have the bugle sound "Cease firing." The precaution was not, we understand, observed, and lead to the poor soldier losing his life. The deceased had been all through the Crimean campaign, and escaped without a scratch. The officer who was in charge of the firing party has been placed under arrest.

GENEROSITY OF JOHN O. LEVER, ESQ., M.P.—The Bishop of Galway, thankfully acknowledges the sum of £10 from John O. Lever, M.P., in behalf of the Widow and Orphan Asylum.

Rev. Peter Daly thankfully acknowledges to have received from John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., the following sums for the repairs of the schools and chapel of Barna, £10; for do. of Bushy Park, £10.

The Sisters of the Presentation Convent thankfully acknowledge the receipt of £10 from John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., per Rev. Peter Daly, P.P.

The Warden of Galway thankfully acknowledges to have received from Rev. Peter Daly the sum of £10, being a donation from John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., in aid of the Protestant poor of Galway.

The Treasurer of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul thankfully acknowledges the receipt of £10 from John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., by Rev. P. Daly, P.P. and V. G.

The Brothers of St. Patrick, Lombard street,

gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £10 from John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., per Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., in aid of the Orphans' Breakfast Institute. [Galway Vindicator.]

ENGLAND.

We are enabled to state, says The London Morning Advertiser, that a very angry correspondence is just now going on between the French and English Governments, relative to the permission granted to our Government to Austrian vessels to take shelter under our guns at Malta.

The French Government energetically complain of this as showing an undue friendship for Austria, inasmuch as French vessels, having no fear of Austrian ships, do not seek or require the same protection.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Tuesday, May 17, 1859.

The *Moniteur* of to-day contains a report of the Minister of Finance respecting the subscriptions made towards the new loan. The subscribed capital amounts to 2,807,000,000. 80,000,000 have been subscribed in sums of 10^{frs}. The number of subscribers is 525,000. The ministerial report points out that such results prove the solidity of the French financial system, and the wealth, power and patriotism of France. They also show the intimate union of France and the Emperor, and the entire confidence of the nation in the strength and wisdom of the Sovereign who presides over its destinies.

The *Moniteur* also contains the following despatch from Alessandria, May 16:

The rain has fallen incessantly during the last two days, but the bad weather has not prevented our troops from taking the positions assigned to them by the Emperor, whose headquarters still continue to be at Alessandria.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following address of Prince Napoleon:

ARMY OF ITALY, FIFTH CORPS D'ARME.—Soldiers of the Fifth Corps of the Army of Italy. The Emperor calls me to the honor of commanding you. Many of you are my old comrades of Alma and Inkermann. As in the Crimea, and as in Africa, you will sustain your glorious reputation. Discipline, courage, tenacity—such are military virtues which you will once more display to Europe, which is attentively watching for the great events in preparation. The country which was the cradle of ancient civilization and of modern renaissance is about to owe its liberty to you; you will deliver that country forever from its oppressors—from those eternal enemies of France, whose name is associated in our history with all our struggles and all our victories. The reception which the Italian people give to their liberators bears witness to the justice of the cause which the Emperor defends. *Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France! Vive l'Indépendance Italienne!*

The Prince Commanding-in-chief the Fifth corps of the Army of Italy.

NAPOLEON (JEROME).

SARDINIA.

TURIN, May 16, 1859.

The Emperor remains still at Alessandria, busied with his Generals in laying strategical plans.

Official bulletin, published Monday, May 16, 1859:

A body of our cavalry has recently fallen in with a detachment of Austrian hussars, near Voghera, and took prisoners a wounded corporal and some privates. The Austrians have withdrawn from Voghera to Casteggio.

Nothing new from Vercelli.

The *Gazzetta di Bologna* announces officially that Austria has recognized the neutrality of the States of the Church.

TURIN, May 17, 1859.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN TO-DAY.

The bridge of Stella has been threatened by the Austrians. The waters of the Po have risen. Women and children of the country are compelled by the enemy to labor at the works.

The Mayor of Barbiano, a village in the district of Alessandria, and other Mayors of the province of Voghera, who refused to comply with the demand for contributions, have been arrested.

Austrian workmen have been assembled on the right bank of the Po, and at the bridge of Stella, and other workmen have been collected between Brioni and Stradella.

AUSTRIA.

TRIESTE, May 15, 1859.

The English merchant steamer *Douro* has arrived with the East India mails and passengers. When passing Avion, in Turkey, she was boarded by the boats of a French ship of the line. A French squadron, consisting of two ships of the line and a frigate, have captured four Austrian merchant vessels.

TRIESTE, May 17.

Yesterday afternoon the French squadron was before Venice. Since yesterday the Austrian Lloyd's have ceased the running of all their steamers. The National Bank of Vienna has granted to the deputation from the Bourse of this place an advance of 1,000,000 florins.

ROME.

ROME, May 16, 1859.

On the 11th inst. the Tuscan Consul at Ancona hauled down his flag. On the 12th the French and Sardinian Consuls protested to the Delegate against the continuance of fortification, and threatened to demand their passports. At midnight the Delegate was still speaking with the Austrian General. On the 12th the Austrians were at work leveling a casino, although the state of siege had been raised.

France has not yet recognized the neutrality of Naples.

Rome is tranquil.

RUSSIA.

The Nord states that the Russian Government has given orders for the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Corps d'Armée to be placed immediately on a war footing, with the whole of the artillery and cavalry belonging to each. The reserves are to be called, and all soldiers on furlough to rejoin their colors, to be ready to march within three months.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Government has given orders for a supply of tents for an army of 30,000 men.

MILITARY MATTERS.—Capt. Buck's Company

(F) of the Eighth, have, we learn, decided to start on Monday, August 1, for Niagara Falls, accompanied by *Dodworth's* Band. All who are acquainted with Capt. Buck's command felt confident from the time the trip was first proposed in the company that it would be carried through, and would become a fact. We hear of a great many excursions, &c., talked about in military circles, but so few have any "stamina," that it seems like an oasis in the desert to find one that has all the qualifications of being *ipse facto*. They expected they will go with ninety muskets. On Monday last the Seventy-first Regiment proceeded to "Camp Washington," Staten Island, for a field day, arriving on the ground about 11 o'clock. After stacking arms they proceeded to manoeuvre according to Hardee. They executed twenty-six movements without arms, and returned to the city about 6 o'clock in the evening.

The Eighth Regiment will have a field day at Hoboken on Thursday, June 9th. Capt. Varian's troops of this regiment gives an exhibition drill in front of the City hall on the evening of the 17th of June.

On Saturday last the Sixty-ninth paraded to escort the Hon. William Smith O'Brien to the steamship *Vigo*, which was to convey him to Europe. They formed at 8 o'clock A.M. on Buchanan square (Canal street), right on centre, and marched up to Fourteenth street, where they received their distinguished guest, and proceeded down Broadway to the South Ferry, where there was a steaming in waiting to convey him and the officers to the *Vigo*, which was anchored off the Battery. The men were then marched to the splendid steamer *Francis Skiddy*, which had been chartered by the regiment for the occasion, and embarking with their friends, accompanied the *Vigo* down the Bay, and saw her away to sea, when, amid the firing of guns and most enthusiastic cheers from all on board the *Skiddy*, they parted company and returned to the city at half-past five in the evening. The whole affair was well conducted, and reflects great credit on Col. Ryan and the officers of the Sixty-ninth who had the management of it. Although there were above four thousand persons on board, no accident of moment occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip, with the exception of the explosion of a cartridge in the hands of a member of Capt. McElhattan's Company while firing a salute, and which immediately scorched one or two men, but they were immediately attended by Regimental Surgeons Johnson and Ferguson, who rendered every aid in their power. The men, we believe, are now doing well, and will not be marked.

The Fifty-fifth, Col. Le Gal, proceeded to Paterson on Monday on an excursion trip and were received by the military there, and had quite a pleasant time, returning late in the evening. It is said that the troops who served on Staten Island are to be paid individually and not by their Regimental Paymasters. We think they are not very particular who deals out the cash as long as they are paid.

Advertisement.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.—KNOX prospers most when the sun is the brightest and Broadway is gay with promenaders. Consequently yesterday was a great day for KNOX. His "Pride of Youth" was a great success, and his Summer Hats for those of more mature age, sold immensely. When you want a becoming, durable, fashionable and cheap hat, visit his establishment, No. 212 Broadway.

LITERATURE.

WORKS OF MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. Comprising his Essays, Journey into Italy, and Letters, with Notes from all the Commentators; Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, &c. By W. H. Jackson. A new and carefully revised edition, edited by W. H. Jackson. 12 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1900.

The days of Essayism are now past, and we believe that if some of those which were the delight of the last century were to make their appearance now week after week, they would meet with very few readers, and soon would cease to be published. This seems to be accounted for by a variety of circumstances. The works which issued from the press at those times, we speak of those of a light character, were generally romances of the most exciting kind. Neither the plots, or the manner in which the stories were narrated, are calculated to excite the cause of morality. Though many, no doubt, read these books with the same avidity that people now devour the trash of the circulating library, yet there were well disposed persons whom they shocked and who desired something as a strong antidote to the baneful influences which those publications produced. In the Tattler and the Rambler and Spectator they found much they required, and in the lessons of morality which some of these essays taught they found all they could wish and all they had so anxiously sought.

The publication of the reviews introduced a new kind of literature in which the reader who desired heavy material could find all that he required, and of a more varied form than what the Essayist presented to him. The names of some works were placed at the head of each article, to serve as a matter for comment, and the result was that an article was produced in which the subject was generally discussed in a manner that made the reader acquainted with all its different bearings. History, Theology, Science, and Literature in all its varied forms, and the most interesting topics of the day, were treated in a way which was calculated to please and to instruct. It may be that the mind of many persons too much occupied and worn away by the fatigues of business of their daily employments, desires something of a lighter nature for its recreation.

There will be always those in every community who will find pleasure in perusing works from which much is to be learned, and from the reading of which their stock of knowledge will be increased. Montaigne is one of our oldest essayists—he was born in February, 1533, and died when he was fifty-nine years old. His literary character has been maintained by his essays, in which he seems to have depicted his own character, and to have made his defects in life appear in all their native form, as far as his respect for the public would allow him to do so. This mode of writing has consequently subjected him to much obloquy, while it has been read by some with profit. By others, especially by the Port Royalists who were Jansenists, it has been condemned as savoring of vanity. To them and to some Protestant writers anything that makes a man look within and subject himself to the process of self-examination must always be displeasing. Therefore they charge him with scepticism and with not being sufficiently modest in his expressions. The age in which he lived had not yet arrived at that degree of refinement as ours, nor was there in the country in which he resided the same ideas respecting the delicacies of expression that there is in ours. It seems, therefore, rather harsh to judge him by our present state of society and by the times in which we live.

The more just view of the case would appear to be, to place ourselves in his position, and to see whether his writings were calculated to benefit his own times or not. Perhaps no French writer has exerted so much influence on English literature, with the exception of Rabelais, as he has. From Shakespeare and Bacon down to the humblest essayist we find traces of communion with him. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged, often alluded to. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show sympathy with him. The range of his observation was vast. He praises without compliment and blames without misanthropy, and amidst his simple gossip may be found marks of deep wisdom.

There is much in Montaigne's Essays that we must, however, condemn, and it would certainly be better if a very considerable portion had been excised before they were presented to the American public.

ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS. By Fenelon. Translated by Dr. H. W. H. With a Life of Fenelon, by L. M. L. and a Life of Fenelon, by L. M. L. Character, by Villamain; Critical and Biographical Notes, &c. Edited by O. W. Wight. A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1900.

Perhaps no work ever attained such rapid and wide-spread popularity as Telemachus, and none has retained its hold upon public favor so unwaveringly. Persons of the most opposite turn of mind have acknowledged its fascinations; young and old have been equally charmed with it; hostile races and nationalities have welcomed it as a boon; it has been translated into divers languages, and naturalized in the literature of every European nation. The rapid change of scenes, the succession of incident impart to it all the warmth and coloring of romance, while the

profound observations and lofty morality stamped on every page, characterize it as the work of a Christian sage. We do not propose to dwell upon the plot of Telemachus; it is too well known to require that. In fact, we might as well give a sketch of Homer's Odyssey, for we question if it is better known than Fenelon's philosophical romance. His characters are immortal in their ideal existence; they are not mere abstractions like the qualities they typify; their very names are types; a Calypso is as expressive as a Penelope, and a Mentor is as full of meaning as a Hector or an Ajax. Like the classic authors of Greece and Rome on which it was modelled, it enters so many beauties in the way of illustration and allusion, that without a knowledge of this exquisite prose poem, some of the happiest passages in the works of our native authors would be devoid of meaning. The style of Fenelon has all the finish of poetry; indeed, the poet's description of Sir Philip Sidney is peculiarly applicable to him, for he was, in truth, a very "warbler of poetic prose." We are glad to perceive that the publishers intend getting out a new and correct edition of "all the works of Fenelon that have an enduring interest." Prefixed to the Telemachus is an eloquent life of the author, by Lamartine, and a judicious critical essay on his character and genius, by Villamain. From the former we extract the following beautiful tribute to the Christian Bishop, whose character, if every other due to it was lost, might be gathered from one sentence he is in the habit of repeating: "I love my family better than myself; I love my country better than my family; I love mankind better than my country."

"His name has become even more popular and immortal than his works, because the perfections of his soul exceeded those of his genius; adored for himself alone, his name is his immortality. Men are more just in their tributes to him than he is generally believed. It was the nature of Fenelon to love; it was his glory to be beloved. Of all the great men of this grand age of Louis the Fourteenth, not one has left the recollection of so gentle a ministry. There is a tenderness in the accent of all when speaking of him, which describes the individual man. His poetry enchants our fancy, his religion breathes the gentleness of the lamb, the emblem of Christ; even his political doctrines show only the errors and illusions of the history of a good man struggling with the possibilities of the times.

"It has been said that he has not worked out the good which he intended. He has done better; he has originated the idea; he has in thought applied the Gospel to government; he has desired to see the reign of heaven upon earth; he taught kings the sacred rights of man, while he showed the people the duties of subjects. He thirsted for Christian equality, regulated his justice by his morality and charity, in the dealings of the government with the people, and of the people with the government. He was the tribune of virtue, and the prophet of social improvement; he has expanded his own soul over the souls of two centuries; sometimes the poet of imagination, but always the poet of charity, he has softened and Christianized the genius of France. Conscience owes him an additional virtue—toleration; throne, another duty—the love of the people; republics, an added glory—humanity. France has possessed bold natures, but she has given none so full of tenderness. If genius acknowledged a sex, it might be said that Fenelon had the imagination of a woman to dream of heaven, and her soul to love the earth. When we pronounce his name, or open his book, we fancy that we look on his face, and persuade ourselves that we hear the voice of a friend. What quality of fame can surpass this love in veneration and solid value?"

"The epitaph of Fenelon might be written in these words: 'There are men who have made France more feared or renowned, but none who have rendered her more beloved by other nations.'

TIGHE LYFFORD. A Novel. New York: James Miller.

A tale of New York life chequered with gleams and shadows like an April day, but which keeps the reader in suspense as to how it will turn out, like the fickle day aforesaid, clears up delightfully leaving every one happy in whom the reader can possibly take an interest. The fate of the thoughtful and eloquent Allyn Woodworth is an exception to this and we think the author's desire "to point a moral" will search for reconciliation to his death. The characters are well drawn, Tighe Lyfford is a fair sample of his own temple class, and Mad. de Lynes is, we are happy to think, a type of a large majority of her sex. In addition to the interest derived from the delineations of character and the working out of the plot, there is a well considered discussion, or rather essay, on poets and poetry, and a capital lecture on Public Opinion delivered by a young and handsome Franco-American, Maurice de St. Remo. To those who are anxious to discover hidden meanings in every literary work we commend the following sentence from the author's protest in advance against such misconstruction. "His book has been called a novel, and it is nothing more, and he begs that no one will suppose, or say, that that which he has written years ago for the employment of an idle hour, and with the hope of affording an hour's merriment to others, might have been written for a gratuity, nor enemies he would not openly confront, and in glancing at the evils of a system, it has not been with the intention of covertly assailing any individual, whom the system he condemns would be likely to create. His story is a fiction, and as a fiction let it be judged."

SONGS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. Written by Rev. Dr. Cummings, Pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York. Published for St. Stephen's Sunday School, New York: P. O'Shea.

It is pleasant to find a clergyman devoting his time and talents to getting up such a useful little book as the above. It is just the thing for children, for there is variety in its subjects, simplicity in its style and diversity in its metre. No system of mnemonics ever devised has been able to impress a subject on the youthful mind with the indelibility of rhyme, and every one knows from his own experience that snatches of poetry, like strains of music, come up unbidden, and even when half forgotten, they linger about the memory, haunting it perpetually like a dim, shadowy presence. How desirable, then, is it to convey religious impressions through a medium at once pleasing and durable, and this is what the Rev. author of these simple "Songs for Catholic Schools" has done. The sacred Acts, the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the eight beatitudes, &c., are versified pleasingly and briefly. Grace is thus defined:

GRACE.

Grace is the light God gives the mind,
That we the truth may surely find.
Grace is the strength He gives free will,
His holy precepts to fulfill.

Among these hymns are translations from the French and Italian, very fairly rendered, particularly a version of Reboul's exquisite poem, "L'Ange et l'enfant."

As a specimen of our author's style, we subjoin his Address to the Church, which our readers will peruse with pleasure:

THE CHURCH.

World of Grace! mysterious Temple!
Holy, Apostolic, One!
Never changing, ever blessing
Ev'ry age and ev'ry zone.
Church, sweet mother! may all nations
Know thee, love thee as before,
May the child learn to prize thee,
Daily, hourly, more and more.

Where on earth the hapless region
Not illumined by thy light?
Where the shore her saintly heralds
Never gladdened with their sight?
Unconquered by wave or mountain,
Spreads her voice from pole to pole,
Threat'ning Hell or pledging Heaven
To the pure or guilty soul.

Vainly did the haughty Roman
Smite her cheek with power's rod,
Vainly did the subtle Attic
Spread his coils where'er he shod.
Through the adverse crowd she wended,
In the triumph of her might,
Baffling Warrior, Sage, and Sophist,
Skilled in wiles or bold in fight.

From his couch of fragrant roses
She has torn the Syrian Vandal
In the hottest of the fight;
She has tracked the Northern Savage
From his den to his rocky lair;
She has tamed the vengeful Haron
Wandering in the woody glen.
She has written in the tablets
Of the infantine Chinese;
She has sung amid the bowers
Of happy Bengalee;
She has snatched the weeping Hindoo
From the smoking funeral pile;
She has lit the dusky features
Of the bond-slave with a smile.

All of Truth, and naught of Error,
Is her dowry—hers alone;
While her life love's radiant glory
Knows—hopes—loves the Triune One.
From the heart of her Beloved
Flows a love in seven-fold stream,
Whence her children draw the waters
Lit by Heaven's quickening beam.

Church of God! mysterious Temple!
Holy, Apostolic, One!
Never changing, ever blessing
Ev'ry age and ev'ry zone.
Church, sweet mother! may all nations
Know thee, love thee as before,
May thy children learn to prize thee,
Daily, hourly, more and more.

We are sorry our limited space will not allow us to insert the Acts; we can only make room for the Act of Faith:

ACT OF FAITH.

Great God! whatever through Thy Church
Thou teachest to be true,
I first do believe it all,
And shall confess it so.
Thou never canst deceive be,
Thou never canst deceive,
For Thou art truth itself, and Thou
Dost tell me to believe.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have been received at this office. We will have something to say of them in our next number: "Month of the Sacred Heart," "Italy and the Papal States," "Ancient Mineralogy," "Life of St. Francis de Sales," "Lamp of the Sanctuary," "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," "Edinburgh Review," "London Quarterly Review," "Blackwood," "Harper," "The Harp," "Ladies American Magazine," "Bride of Lammermoor," and "Fortunes of Nigel."

LETTER-WRITING.—A French wife wrote this affectionate and laconic letter to her husband: "Je vous certis parceque je n'ai rien a faire: Je finis, parceque je n'ai rien a dire."—I write to you, because I have nothing to do. I end my letter, because I have nothing to say.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER and Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E Street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. m38m

Our friends in Brooklyn can pay their subscriptions to and receive receipts from Michael Nevin, No. 139 Fulton street, and James Nevin, No. 269 Fulton street.

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GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLE RAZOR STROP.—This inimitable article may be obtained at the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. a38mf

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ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Application for the admission of children to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums, and for the withdrawal or binding out of same, are to be governed by the following regulations, which have been adopted by the Committee on Admission and Binding:

1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Every applicant must be a Catholic, and must be a native child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residence, must be produced on receipt of the application. Price, six cents.

3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince Street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock P. M.

4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination of said order.

5. A number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum by the Board of Managers, subject to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed.

6. No orphan who has any orphanage money, or is required to sign an agreement respecting the conditions upon which said half orphan is admitted.

7. No orphan can be taken away by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and who will require a receipt so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

8. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince Street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman, during the recess.

9. Children that have been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.

10. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince Street. JAMES B. NICHOLSON, Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOAL, THOMAS KELLY, J. L. WHITE, Members of Committee. L. B. BIRNEY, Secretary. \$12 1/2

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NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETING.

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And embracing a great variety of new and elegant patterns

and shadings.

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Among the stock will be found:

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Any required width, from 4s. to 10s. per yard.

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Imperial 3-ply Carpets, new styles.

Imperial Carpets of every variety.

Chaste and elegant Carpets for Altars.

Library, Dining-Room and Hall Carpets.

Superb Velvets and Cassel Carpets.

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A splendid stock from 3 to 24 feet wide.

DRUGGETS.

And English Felt from 1 to 4 yards wide.

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Mosaic, Wilton, Axminster, Chenille and Tufted.

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Gowgan, Canton and Rope Matting and Mats.

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At Extraordinary Low Prices!!!

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Combines new and valuable improvements on all who

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Offer to the public on the

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To be found in this country, a part of which is

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TWENTY PER CENT LESS THAN COST OF

IMPORTATION.

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Brussels Carpeting, (best quality), \$1 per yard.

Ingrain Carpeting, (best quality), \$1 per yard.

GOODS OF ALL KINDS will be sold

AT RETAIL.

FOR CASH ONLY.

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W. R. ROBERTS,

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Low prices and prompt attention to customers.

SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS AND DRESS

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291 WINDOW

291 FURNITURE. 291

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

KELTY BROTHERS & LUM,

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Loops, Tassels, and all goods pertaining to the

UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS.

All of which will be offered

at low prices.

291 BROADWAY. 291

a25 3m

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TWIN TEMPLES OF FASHIONS.

SMITH BROTHERS,

(the Marble Store),

Nos. 122, 124 and 126 FULTON STREET,

between Broadway and William street, New York.

THOMAS SMITH, JR.,

ROBERT L. SMITH,

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ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The price is marked on all the goods in plain figures.

ODE.

Those mansions of marble, oh, say if thou knowest

O which the gay and gaudy Fashion unfolded,

Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,

And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world

If not—try at once to get into the Temple of Taste.

They best can assist you to beat out your plan,

For they either have got or will speedily make you,

The best suit of clothes ever worn upon the back.

SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING.

For promenade and dress; for the workshops, the count-

ing-room and ball.

Including our new styles of

TIP TOPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,

THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,

THE BISHOP FROCK,

SWEETS OWN,

AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.

All of which are entirely new and made expressly for

our city trade.

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Contains an immense stock of everything that is necessary

to satisfy the demands of the rising generation.

THE PRICE OF EVERY ARTICLE IS MARKED,

And from that price (being the lowest possible) there can

be

NO DEVIATION.

Economy, durability and elegance. Good materials,

good style and good workmanship. Small profits,

quick returns, and cash for everything.

THESE ARE

THE BUSINESS MAXIMS OF SMITH BROTHERS' practice.

BY THESE

They have acquired public favor and support;

AND BY THESE THEY SUCCEED IN THESE

They will maintain and extend that reputation.

mh19 3m

1859. ROGERS & RAYMOND'S. 1859.

SPRING FASHIONS

FOR BOYS AND YOUTHS.

Large and Varied Stock.

One Price and No Deviation.

Our stock of Boys' Clothing for the present season is

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FAMILY CUSTOM

from all quarters, for the following reasons: First, it

comprises a greater

VARIETY OF NEW STYLES

than any other in the city. Second, the materials have

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Fabrics, it can be

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than any other style and good workmanship and is marked now

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LOWEST CASH PRICE; thus placing all buyers, whether

good judges of Clothing or not, on the same level.

WELL-KNOWN REPUTATION

of the firm, its immense business, and the system of

equity and firmness which have ever governed its deal-

ings, are

SOLID GUARANTEES

of the sterling qualities of its Clothing, and of the reli-

ability of the statements put forth in its advertisements.

THE CUSTOMER DEPARTMENT

for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths, is amply stocked with

Spring Goods, and the Clothing furnished to order will

be found equal to any made to measure in the city, while

the charges are extremely moderate.

ROGERS & RAYMOND,

a9 3m 121, 123, 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF

the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is

hereby given to all persons having claims against JAMES

F. EARLY, late of the City of New York, soapstone

manufacturer, deceased, to present the same with vouch-

ing there to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 147

Elm street, in the City of New York, on or before the

fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York,

the second day of May, 1859.

m17 6m CATHERINE EARLY, Administratrix.

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CLARK'S

398 AND 400

BOWERY,

Opposite Sixth street,

Junction of Third and Fourth avenues.

MAMMOTH CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

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STORY

BUILDINGS!

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TO THE SALE AND MANUFACTURE OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING OF EVERY

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THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST SELECTED

EVERY

PRICES BELOW ANY HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

FASHIONABLE

IN THE MOST

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FINE ENGLISH STYLE

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FINE CANADA GRAY

BUSINESS SUITS 10.00

FINE BLACK DRESS

SUITS 12.00

SPRING OVERCOATS.

FINE GREY CLOTH SACKS,

FROM 5.50 to 7.00

FINE WATER-PROOF

RAGLANS & SACKS, FROM 5.00 to 6.50

FINE MELTON PALETT

SACKS, &c., FROM 6.00 to 9.00

GOOD BLACK FROCK COATS.

FROM 4.50 to 6.00

FINE BLACK FROCK,

FROM 6.50 to 9.00

EXTRA FINE BLK FROCK

LINED WITH SILK, FROM 8.50 to 10.00

BUSINESS SUITS.

GOOD ENGH TWEEDS,

SACKS AND FROCKS, FROM 2.50 to 4.00

GOOD CASSIMERE SACK

NEW STYLE, FROM 3.50 to 4.50

FINE Side-Band CASSI-

MERE, new style, FROM 4.50 to 6.50

FINE Side-Band DOESKIN

BROWN & BLK MIX, FROM 4.00 to 6.00

ENGLISH SACKS, latest

style, fine Goods, FROM 5.00 to 7.00

PANTS.

GOOD BLK DOESKIN

FROM 2.75 to 3.00

FINE BLK DOESKIN,

FROM 3.75 to 4.50

EXTRA FINE BLACK

DOESKIN, FROM 4.50 to 5.50

FINE ENGLISH CHECK,

FROM 3.50 to 4.50

FANCY CHECKS,

slide-band, &c., FROM 2.50 to 3.50

BROWN AND BLACK

MIXED DOESKIN, FROM 2.50 to 3.50

MOIRE ANTIQUE,

different patterns, usual

price \$4, now sold at from

1.25 to 2.25

FINE SILKS,

FROM 2.00 to 2.50

